TROUBLE REMEMBRED

IN
1. *Absolons Sheep-shearing.*
2. *Joab projecting.*
3. *Bathsheba bathing.*
4. *Israel rebelling.*
5. *Abithophel hanging.*
6. *David returning.*

Παθήματα Μαθήματα.

Mo.

PSAL. 119. 71.

It is good for mee that I have been in trouble, that I may learne thy Statutes.

LONDON:

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To the Author.

THe Poem which ſhall live, and oft be read,
With foure faire Ornaments, is garniſhed.
It muſt deſcribe to life, fitly compare,
Abound with Sentences, and Fictions rare:
All theſe are met in thine, and doe conſpire,
To dreſſe thy Lines in durable attire.
Thy choſen Subject of a ſacred ſtraine,
Is Index of thy ſanctified Braine,
Prophaner Muſes vent your idle dreames,
While thine diſcourſeth of diviner Theames.
It ſhall bee written on thy mournfull Herſe,
Hee turn'd all ſacred Story into Verſe.

RO. WILLAN.

Ad Authorem.

Quiddam ex Virgilii Eclogâ ſextâ inflexum, & huic penſo prætextum per G. H.

HAs oh! Læte, fides tibi dant (en accipe) Muſæ,
Pſalmicini quas ante duci: quibus ille ſolebat
Cantando ſacros deducere cœlitus hymnos.
His tibi ſuavifluo currit ſcaturigine vena,
Ne quis ſit vates, quo ſe plus jactet Apollo.
Omnis te pia Muſa canit; nec gratior ulla eſt,
Quam quæ Davidis præſcribit pagina nomen;
Quæ canit ærumnas regis, curaſq; ſequaces
Sæpius obſeſſi latrantibus undique monſtris.

To the worthy Author of this *Divine Poem.*

Order and *Number* ſet the World in frame,
Tun'd the harmonious Spheres, made *memory*
A Cabinet, to eternize *Mans fame*,
And to Record th'*eternall Deity*,
All *Verſes* relliſh not of *Levitie*.
Who ſaith, true *Poeſie* is not *Divine*,
Knows not the *Hebrew Hymn*, nor hath read *thine*.
Should I beleeve a *Metempſychoſis*,
Iſha's ſonnes ſoule ſilenc'd by his laſt fate,
I'de ſweare *inform'd thy body*, and made this
Vſe of thy *Peace*, to draw his *trouble's* State,
That others might *take heed*, ere 'tis too late.
Church and State Hypocrites, in their owne trap,
To catch, though maskt & hul'd in fortunes lap.
Follow thy *Prophet*, Poets follow thee,
Till they have *learn'd* to *leave Venerian Rimes*,
And thou haſt *taught religious Hiſtorie*,
Affords the *proper Sonnets* of our times,
Beſt Organs *Canzons*, true cœleſtiall *Chimes*;
So having penned *Odes* for *Davids Lyre*,
Goe, helpe to *chaunt* them in the *Angels Quire*.

ROB. SYBTHORP.

Mary Gaughan her Book

Idem ad Lectorem.

INceſtûs *pœnæ*, *fraterni* ſanguinis *ultor*;
Principis *ærumnæ*, Proditionis *opus*;
Contemptus Cleri, *rabies temeraria* vulgi;
Peccantis *planctus*, contritionis *amor*;
Si tibi ſint curæ: *pandit* myſteria *mira*
A i-lætus *vates*, *alite digna* Jovis.

R. S.

DAVIDS TROUBLES.

The first Booke.

Absolons Sheep-shearing.

TEll the divets tryalls of the King,
Who hevenly *hymns* did to his *Maker* sing:
Blest *Spirit* that infus'd on him such skill,
Dispose aright thine humble servants quill!
Now liv'd the *King* at *home* in happy peace
Free from all *Wars* and dangerous disease
Of *civill broiles*: For all *Sauls* house was slaine,
None but the lame *Mephibosheth*, remaine:
The *Philistins* are all brought downe so low,
They dare no other Lord than *David* know:
The *Syrians* in two battailes overthrowne,
Now make their peace and serve him as his own:

The Heraldvioleting *Ammonite*,
Is ſtrong enough to ſerve, but not to fighte.
Two yeare are paſt ſince *Thamars* raviſhment,
The Peeres and people free from diſcontent:
When thus *becalm'd* with *peace*, and newly roſe
From meat, newes comes (thus fame by going growes)
That all his ſonnes by *Abſolon* were ſlaine,
Not one amongſt the living did remaine;
This made him from his *Cloth of ſtate* deſcend,
And teare his clothes, and dolefull cryes out ſend,
Lye on the earth whilſt all his ſervants cry,
And with their clothes all rent, ſtand mourning by:
Till *Jonadab* begins thus to the King;
Take not, my Lord, ſo grievouſly this thing,
As if that all thy ſonnes at once were dead,
Thine *Amnon's* onely ſlaine who raviſhed
His ſiſter *Thamar*; *Abſolon* this thing
E're ſince hath vow'd, and now to paſſe doth bring;
By faire pretence of making him a feaſt,
Thus hath hee ſlaine his *Brother* and his *Gueſt*.
By this the *Watchman*, looking up, deſcride
Much people comming on the Mountaines ſide,
When *Jonadab*; Lo, as thy ſervant ſaid,
The Kings ſonnes come, my Lord, be not diſmaid;
They all are ſafe, ſcarce had hee made an end,
When downe the hill they ſaw them all deſcend,
Who as they neerer came ſtill more lamented,
The King and all his ſervants hearts relented,
As when from *Egypt* with full ſacks of graine,
Old *Jacobs* ſonnes came to him home againe,
Becauſe with *Joſeph*, *Simeon* was left bound,
The *Sonnes* and *Father* make the valleys ſound

With

With plaints & groans; and cauſe at home more *mourning*
For *Simeons* miſſe, than *joy* at their returning:
So was it here, King *David* and his *Sonnes*
Make all the Court to ſound with plaints and groanes:
Meane while the guiltie murtherer *Abſolon*,
Not daring ſtay to anſwer what was done,
In haſt t'avoid the Lawes revenging hand,
To *Geſhur* poſts, his Mothers native land.
Geſhur a Citie is in *Syrias* Fields
On *Judahs* borders, where old *Talmai* wields
The Scepter, who for ſome reſpects of *ſtate*,
When *David* yet o're *Hebron* onely ſate,
To him had given his Daughter, from whoſe bed
Came *Abſolon* and *Thamar* raviſhed.
It was no little pleaſure to the King,
To ſee his goodly *Nephew*: but this thing
Amaz'd him much, great *Davids* Sonne to ſee
Attended with ſo ſmall a companie:
But his ſweet *Beautie* and brave *perſonage*,
Commended by the flower of his age,
So takes the good *old King*, his ſalutation
Was all compos'd of joy and admiration;
The hidden vigour of his lightning *eye*,
His roſie *cheeks*, his *fronts* ſweet Majeſtie,
His *Noſe* like *Gnomon* of a *Diall* faire,
His *Lippes* pure ſcarlet Ribbands, whereon haire
Aroſe like fineſt Downe, his *Mouth* not wide,
But open'd, did diſcover on each ſide,
An Ivorie range of *Teeth*, as even and ſound
As *twinned Lambs* which on the *Mountaines* bound;
His *Locks* were like to twiſt of burniſht Gold,
Which did out-weigh, ſo oft as hee was pol'd,

The Ramm's faire Fleece, and to the Sun-beames turn'd,
Did ſeeme a flaming *Buſh* that never burn'd:
In all the Kingdomes of the *Eaſt* not one
Was found, for *Beauty* like to *Abſolon*;
From his *foots ſole* up to his curled crowne,
No blemiſh could in *Abſolon* be ſhowne:
This made th'idolatrous vaine *Syrian*
Thinke him a *God* in likeneſſe of a *man*,
Beleeving *Sol* had left his *Chariot* bright
In *Geſhurs* Court, one night to take delight;
Or warlike *Mars* reſign'd his *Sphere* above,
To ſolace there in *pleaſing armes* of *Love*:
The *Prieſts* themſelves that were, or ſhould be, wiſe,
Were ready even to offer Sacrifice:
When *Talmai* thus: my faireſt *Abſolon*,
Art thou my *Nephew* royall *Davids* Sonne?
Or doſt thou from amongſt the *Gods* deſcend,
Mee to admoniſh of my *latter end*?
Worſhip theres due unto a *power divine*,
And not *Embracements*; If that thou art *mine*,
Declare the cauſe that doth thee hither bring.
Then *Abſolon*: My *Parent* and my *King*,
I duely here doe give upon my knee
The worſhip, which thou offereſt to mee:
I am thy *ſonne* and *ſervant*: But the King
Lets him not kneel, but whilſt from's eyes doe ſpring
Teares mixt with joy, to's chaire of State doth guide,
Who thus begins, downe ſitting by his ſide.
It hath, too oft, been prov'd to be deny'd,
That all things which on earth to men betide,
By *heavenly Powers* are guided to their end,
What ever *Mortalls* vainly may intend:

So

So as *Church Policies*, and *Rules of State*,
Are alwayes *subject* to *eternall Fate*.
When *thou* thy *Daughter* borne of *Royall Seed*
To *David* gav'st, hee of thine aide had need,
Against *Sauls* house, his *Hebron* to maintaine,
And other parts of *Israels* Land to gaine:
Who thought then that thy *Daughters Progeny*,
Should be subjected to *strange soveraignty*?
This baser *Israelite* to beare a *Sonne*
To disinherit *Maachas Absolon*.
But when I found my *Fathers* mind and fate
In this agree, contented with my state,
My life I in a Countrie Village led,
And like a Farmer Sheep and Bullocks fed.
In *Court* I saw no *safety* to remaine,
Where *Envie* and *Ambition* ever reigne,
With divers *jealousies and straines of state*,
To *thrust downe vertue*, not to *emulate*:
Yet feeling *Royall Blood* boile in a veine,
Which mee assur'd that I was *borne* to *reigne*,
And that *to bee commanded* was too *base*
For one descended of so *Royall Race*,
I rather chose to be the *first* in place,
Than *second* in the *highest Monarchs* grace;
My *Sheep-hooke* therefore I a *Scepter* feigne,
My *Garland greene*, a *Crowne*, and that small traine
Of *Gallants* that did on my person tend,
I call'd my *Peeres*. The *Judges* I did send,
To judge my *subjects*, which were *flocks of sheep*,
Were *shepheards*, who them did *protect* and *keep*,
And not as now wee see some *Judges* doe,
Their *Fleeces* pull, and take their *Bodies* too.

The *Law* I rul'd by, was my *will* and *word*,
A *frowning* looke my *executing sword*,
Nor did I leſſe eſteeme my *fragrant Bowers*,
Then *Kings* their high guilt, princely coſtly *Towers*:
My *fields* and *flocks* did yeeld as wholſome *meat*,
I ay a better ſtomacke had to eate;
And when I pleas'd to hunt, the little *Hare*
More pleaſure yeelded than *Roe Bucke* or *Beare*.
I often, walking in my *ſhady Groves*,
Heard more ſweet dainty *Layes* of heavenly Loves,
Than could be tun'd by *Davids* choiſeſt Quire,
What more than I enjoy'd could one deſire?
A *Country life* is too too full of *bleſſe*,
If *country men* knew their owne *happineſſe*,
But ah! poore wretches, all admire *gay ſhowes*
Of *Court* and *Citie*, but alas who knowes
Their *baſe diſſemblings*, *jealouſies* and *cares*?
Forſwearing, *lying*, *flattering* and *feares*:
Whereas their clothes, they ſeeke to change the bed,
And to account the ſtolne for tweeteſt bread,
That dying, few doe know for whom they toild,
If for their *owne* or for *anothers* child:
The while the *Country-man*, at home *alone*,
Enjoyes his *wife* his *own deare fleſh and bone*,
And ſees even in his *ſons* and *Nephewes* faces,
Their parents native features, looks and graces.
And though ſuch ſhows they make not on their *table*,
Yet is their *chear* as *good* and *acceptable*;
Yea even their *Offerings* and *Sacrifice*,
Aſſoone to *Heaven* may from theſe *Cells* ariſe,
As thoſe that *Kings* on *ſtatelieſt Altars* lay,
And ſend their *Hecatombs* up night and day.

Thus

Thus as a *King* I liv'd amongſt my *Peeres*,
And wanted nothing but their *cares* and *feares*,
Free from the *envie* of the *Prince* and *Court*,
Who never did regard my *meaner port*,
Untill the *Heavens* or ſome *malicious fate*,
Who better knew, than they, my *happy ſtate*,
Even in the *ſwimming fulneſſe* of my *gladneſſe*,
Me interrupted with this cauſe of *ſadneſſe*.
Beſides her *ſonne*, thy *ſervant Abſolon*,
Maacha had a *daughter*, and but one
By *David*, of ſuch comely modeſt grace,
She was the light and glory of our race,
Surmounting common beauties of the *Court*,
As Suns bright beames the *Starrs* of meaner ſort;
With which ſome *Courtiers* playing, as the *Flyes*
With *flaming Lamps*, *burnt* both their *wings* and *eyes*:
Of which was *Amnon*, whom experience try'd,
That he indeed was not true *Eagle-ey'd*,
For dazled with her *beames*, moſt *pure* and *bright*,
Againſt *Gods Lawes* and *Natures* common light,
He luſted after his owne *Siſters* bed,
A wickedneſſe not to be uttered.
But as the more *conceal'd*, the more the *fire*
Conſumes, ſo this *unnaturall deſire*
Moſt fearing it ſhould be to *mortalls* ſhowne,
(Nere dreading *God*, to whom it all was knowne)
Conſumes his *marrow*, and his *body* dryes,
So as on bed all languiſhing he lyes,
No meanes he ſaw his *lawleſſe luſt* to gain,
For ſhe a *Virgin* liv'd, pure, free from ſtain.
When *Jonadab* my fathers brothers ſon,
(As ſubtile ones who faireſt *riſing Sun*

Ay worſhip, and think nothing *vi'e* or *baſe*,
That may poſſeſſe them of a *Princes grace*)
Obſerving *Ammons* pulſe, doth plainly finde
His ſickneſſe not of body, but of minde:
And ſaith, my Lord, Art thou not *Davids* ſon,
The *kingdoms heire*? thou knowſt their breaths, not one
From *Sibors* Floud to great *Euphrates* ſands,
That cheerfully obſerves not thy commands.
Thou art the life and comfort of our *State*,
Why doſt *thy ſelf* and *us* then *macerate*?
Let but thy ſervants know what thou deſir'ſt,
And they will more effect than thou requir'ſt.
Ah! Coſin *Jonadab* ſaith *Amnon*, I
Think better my deſires with me ſhould dye:
To make them known it is as *bootleſſe vain*,
As *wicked* to affect: I will not feign,
Nor hide the *ſecrets of my heart* from thee,
I love my Siſter *Thamar*: but what hee
Advis'd the luſtfull *Prince* was never known,
Till thus the *cauſe* was by the *iſſue* ſhown.
One Summers evening walking, when *Sols* light
was giving way unto the *Queen of night*:
I, on a Mule by Moon-light, did deſcry
A Lady, with ſmall train, who comming nigh,
Falls to the ground, and with a piteous groan,
With ſighs and ſobs doth teſtifie her moan:
Her hand, alas, ſhe laid upon her head,
Which was with aſhes all beſprinkeled,
Her partie-colour'd garments all were rent,
That I her piteous caſe did even lament,
Before I her diſcover'd by the face,
To be our *Thamar*: Ah! ſaith ſhe, alas!

Moſt

Moſt miſerable wight, yet why ſhould I
Make known my grief, and ſee no remedy?
Had any *foe* done me this foule deſpight,
I could have over-paſt my *grief* more light,
But my neere *friend* hath me diſhonoured,
My elder Brother *Ammon* raviſhed.
You can but wonder, noble *Abſolon*,
How he a *Virgin Maid* could finde alone:
Ah! deareſt Brother, by a ſubtill wile,
Me and my *Father* both he did beguile;
Himſelf he feigning ſick upon his bed,
Soon as he by the King was viſited,
Moſt humbly of him doth intreat the grace,
That I (ah me) might come before his face,
And in his Chamber make ſome dainty meat,
Which of my hand it might be he could eat:
The King commanded, I forthwith was ſent,
Without the leaſt ſuſpecting his intent,
Me to diſhonour, and my *family*,
And violate my chaſte *virginity*.
But he, alas! when I had bak'd him *meat*,
Two dainty *cakes*, which he deſir'd to eat,
Commanded all his men out of the roome,
And bade me into his bed-chamber come;
Where he would be refreſhed at my *hand*,
I that did *ſimply* all things underſtand,
Brought in the *Cakes*, and offer'd him to eat,
But found my *honour* was his long'd-for *meat*.
For holding faſt my hand, he doth begin,
With theſe *faire words* me to his *luſt* to win.
Pure heavenly *Star* of my *Nativity*!
By whoſe *benign aſpect*, I *live* or *dye*,

Sweet

Sweet *Soveraign Leech*! of my *soules* long *disease*,
No *Physick* but *thy self* my *grief* can ease:
Thy onely *heat* can quench my *hot desire*,
As *Sunnes* bright shining beames *extinguish fire*.
I care not for these *Cakes*, thy *candid hand*
Hath more enrich'd, than *Pearles calcin'd* to sand,
Were it my *pleasure* onely to *obtain*,
And that thou shouldst *more honour loose*, than *gain*,
Thou mightst deny: But *Amnon* seeks thy grace,
And humbly supplicates thy sweet embrace;
Aske half my birth-right, onely with me lye,
My dearest Sister, else for *love* I dye.
When I, deare Brother! let not Gods choise nation,
Be guilty of so foule abhomination;
By strength a *Sister* to *base lust* compell,
Such sin was never known in *Israel*:
Lo! all thy people thee for this will blame,
And where shall I ah hide my head for shame?
If thou dost love me, as thou dost pretend,
(Such foule beginnings never well can end)
Before thou *force* me, aske me of the *King*,
Not that I foule incestuous guilt would bring
Upon my Land, or had the least intent
To move the King to give us his consent,
(For what can be a lowder crying sin
Than blood to joyne to blood and kin to kin)
I onely sought to win him to forbeare,
But I my charmes tun'd to deaf Adders eare.
As when a *Wolf* hath seized for his *prey*
A little *Lamb*, that went aside to *play*,
The *Lamb* doth *bleat* and *struggle* all in vaine,
So I as little by my striving gaine,

For

For by his *ſtrength* and *power* he me oppreſt,
Oh *ſhame* forbids me to reveale the *reſt*.
But as if *malice* more than *raging luſt*,
Had him invited to this *fact unjuſt*,
Soon as his pleaſure thus was ſatisfide
He could not in his preſence me abide,
But as a *Strumpet* vile or *common Whore*,
Commands me ſtraight to get me out of doore,
And when I, loth to publiſh this diſgrace,
By my foule uſage, and my blubber'd face;
Him on my knees beſought he would forbeare
To doe this *ſecond wrong*, he would not heare:
But with a *furious hatred*, farre above
The *raging paſſion* of his *luſtfull love*,
Calls he his ſervant in, and ſtorming more,
Commands him put me out and ſhut the doore.
Talmai at this amaz'd ſtreight up doth ſtand,
And cryes, are theſe your *fruits* of *holy Land?*
What other *King* yet ever gave *conſent*
To ſuch a baſe *inceſtuous Raviſhment?*
Where he the *King his father* did *defraud*,
And made him to *inceſtuous luſt* a *Bawd*:
Oh had it been mine *onely Sonne and heire*,
I would have hangd the *wretch* up by the haire,
Or with *wild horſes* torn his joynts in ſunder,
Had *God forborn* to ſtrike him down with *Thunder*.
But what ſaid *David* when he heard this thing?
Did he th'offender puniſh? No, O King,
Saith *Abſolon*, he onely ſeem'd diſpleas'd
At firſt with *Amnon*, but was ſoon appeas'd;
For neither *good* nor *bad* to him was ſaid,
As if he to *diſpleaſe* him were afraid.

Th'of-

Th'offence he hated, and th'offender lov'd,
But love it seemes for more than anger mov'd.
The *Sun* hath finish't twice his *annuall course*,
Since *Thamar* thus was ravished by *force*,
Whil'st in my house she liv'd disconsolate,
Forlorn of all, for feare of *Amnons* hate,
But never any word thereof durst mutter,
For feare we should but our disgraces utter,
We knew the *King* unwilling to *repaire*
His *daughters losse*, with *hazarding his heire*;
Nor did I shew at all my discontent,
Lest *his distrust* should *my revenge* prevent,
But covertly my *hate* dissembeled,
Till *opportune Revenge* were offered.
And now approach'd the season of the yeere,
That I my Sheep on *Hazors plaines* did sheare,
Where I prepar'd a *sumptuous Royall Feast*,
And did invite the *King* to be my *Guest*;
But he unwilling me to over-charge,
Said, Nay my Son, we will not so much charge
Thee, at thy house, us all to entertaine,
Nor would he goe, although I urg'd againe.
Then said I, yet let *Amnon* go with me,
Ah, saith the King, why should he go with thee?
More than *thy presence* nothing mighty King,
Would to *thy servant* grace and honour bring;
But since thou art not pleas'd with me to go,
That *honour* thou *deny'st*, let *Amnon* do.
So I him urg'd, he promis'd in the end,
That he with *Amnon* all his *Sonnes* would send.
Was never *Wood-man* gladder, when at hand
He spyes the *Stag* come faire upon his *stand*,

Than

Than I, at comming of my wiſhed *gueſt*,
For whom indeed I did provide the *Feaſt*:
In *evoleſt vault*, whoſe ſweeter *Northern light*,
Was freed from *hotter gleams* of Sun-ſhine bright,
My ſervants had the Table covered,
For *Davids* ſonnes, whilſt *Thamar* raviſhed,
In covert cloſe for *ſhame* her head did hide,
Whom *Amnon* could not in his ſight abide.
When all were come, and at the Table ſet,
And, as their ſtomacks lik'd, fell to their meat,
Two of my ſervants, as I did command,
Who cloſely waiting did by *Amnon* ſtand,
So ſoon as I gave them a ſecret ſigne,
And that his heart was *merry* grown with *wine*,
Down ſmote him *dead*, which ſervice bravely done,
Shall never be forgot by *Abſolon*:
The *Kings ſonnes* all with ſudden horrour ſcar'd,
As if like cheare had been for them prepar'd,
Haſte to their *Mules*; to *thee* forthwith I fled
On ſwifteſt courſers ready ſadeled,
I nothing of the truth from thee conceale,
And now my *King* and *Father* I appeale
Unto thy *Juſtice*, where if guilty I
Be judg'd of *Amnons blood*, then let me dye.
I would not put my life upon the *rude*
And *violence* of furious *multitude*,
Nor on the *Juſtice* of an *angry King*,
Time may again me into *favour* bring:
I then ſhall plainly prove that *Abſolon*
Hath done no more than *David* ſhould have done:
And when *Kings* ſuffer ſuch *ſinnes* in their *Land*,
God will *revenge* them by *anothers hand*.

Lo

Lo thus he ends: When *Talmai*; valiant son
I do commend *this act* so bravely done,
In answering this *foule base indignity*,
Thou hast reveng'd thy Sister, self and me:
No *generous brave* spirit could have born
So great *dishonour*, and so *foule a scorn*:
Be confident in this, *my son*, that I
Will in this *quarrell*, *live* with thee and *dye*.
The rather for that thou thy self hast shew'd,
As just in punishing a *crime* so lewd;
So also politick in cutting down
That Tree, which stopt thy way unto the Crown.
O grand exploit! which fairly both wayes tends
To publike Justice, and to private ends.
Some reach at Crowns by shedding guiltlesse blood
But thou by being great, and seeming good.
Thus shall my *Absolon* get thanks and praise,
As popular in that which must him raise.
Then *Talmai* rose, and looking round about,
Perceiv'd that all his *servants* were gone out,
For *well-bred Courtiers* thought it no fit thing,
Uncall'd, to heare the *secrets of a King*:
But soon as they their *Master* walking heare,
All in his *presence* readily appeare,
Where he commands them all, they do their best,
To entertain his *sonne*, so goes to rest.

THE

THE SECOND BOOKE.

Joab projecting.

OLd *Israel* did never ſo lament
For *Joſephs colour'd coat*, all bloody rent,
As *David* for his *murdred firſt born Son*,
And abſence of his loved *Abſolon*.
As when great *Joab* trecheroſly had *ſlain*
Brave *Abner* by a falſe and ſubtil train,
So to revenge the blood of *Aſabel*,
The *King* and all the *Lords of Iſrael*,
With garments torn, and aſhes on their head,
Lament and mourne for *Abner* lying dead:
So lowd did *David* weep, that all might heare,
And followed unto the Grave the *Beer*.
So now the *King*, and all his *ſervants* mourn
For *Ammons* loſſe, who never will return:

Yea

Yea *Passions Davids reason* so confound,
He all the day lyes sorrowing on the ground,
And though the *Elders* of his house and *Peeres*,
Perswade him to represse his grief and tears,
By all their prayers they cannot him intreat,
To rise up or refresh himself with meat:
Till *Bathsheba* out-leading *Solomon*
Upon her hand, bespeakes him thus alone.
Let thy great wisdome, *Gracious Soveraign Lord*,
Descend to heare thy *handmaid* in a word;
Nor think, O King, as his *Stepmother*, I
Too lightly think of thy *calamity*,
Be sure I could a full proportion hold
With thee in sorrow, if that mourning could,
Thy *first-borne Sonne* to thee bring back again,
But ah, alas! such teares are spent in vain;
We may to him, he cannot to us come:
Remember, when thy *first-born* of my wombe,
Was with the sickness struck, whereof it dyed,
How you besought the Lord, and to him cryed,
If for our *sin* he would be reconcil'd,
And by thee be *intreated* for the *child*:
Thou all the night on earth laist without meat,
Nor could the *Elders* of thy house intreat
Thee to sit up, but when thou heardst 'twas gone,
Thou didst arise and wash thy selfe, and soon
As *thou* with *thine* Gods house hadst visited,
Didst cheerfully *refresh thy self* with *bread*.
This was our *patern then*, let it be *now*
The same to *thee*: thou mourned hast enough,
Then cease more to bewaile thy first-born Son,
And cheer thy self with little *Solomon*,

To

To whom, yet in my *womb*, God gave a *name*,
To shew that he should be a *man of fame*.
Then said the King; My dearest Queen, the *light*
Sent from my God, to guide me in the right,
Which seeing I *allow*, yet go *astray*,
So *Passion* doth my *Reason* oversway,
Yet with good *reason* I may this lament,
Not as a *losse*, but as a *punishment*
Of *Rape* and *Incest* suffer'd in my *Land*,
For God is *just*, and hath no *partiall hand*.
Affections divert *Administration*
Of *Justice*, which is free from *acceptation*
Of *persons*, and doth at the *head* begin,
Greatnesse is no protection for *sin*.
To *Amnon* now as he *deserv'd* is done,
To save *one*, I have lost *another Son*,
God us both *justly* to his *Barre* doth bring,
Him for the *rape*, *me* for *not punishing*.
Not as if I the *Murtherer* excus'd,
Whose *malice* as an *instrument* God us'd,
Us unto *judgement* for our *sinnes* to call,
For God is *just*, and we *offenders* all.
The *Summer pure beames* draw up from *filthy soile*
The *lees*, yet doth it self no whit defile,
So of our *sinnes pure God* oft makes *good use*,
Yet's without *sinne*, as we without *excuse*.
Oh God, how wondrous are thy works throughout
The world, thy judgements all past finding out.
Shame unto *us*, all *praise* to *God* is due,
For he is *righteous*, and his *judgements* true.
Thus lauds he God, whilst little *Solomon*,
Who newly able was to *run alone*,

And like a *Pye* or *Parrat* 'gan to chatter,
All ſounds he heard, though nothing to the matter,
More chear'd the King with *pratling non-ſenſe*,
Then all his *Courtiers ſtudied eloquence*,
And as young *Davids Harp* oft diſpoſſeſt
Saul of his *evill ſpirit*, and him refreſht;
So did this *Parrats* pretty *melody*,
Diſpell the *clouds* of his *melancholy*,
And paſſions of *grief* to *joy* convert,
Nought more than *children* chear an *old mans heart*.
Oh bleſſed Child, ſaith *David!* in thy face
I ſee a *modell* of all *heavenly grace*,
Thou ſhalt in *wiſdome*, *wealth*, and *power* increaſe,
And be a *King of happineſſe* and *peace*.
A *Type* of that great *Prince* of *peace* and *reſt*,
In whom all *Nations* of the world are *bleſt*.
The God that alwayes dwelt with us in Tents,
Since *Sinai* thundred his *Commandements*,
Will be content t'abide within the *frame*,
Thou ſhalt *erect* to *praiſe his holy Name*.
Type of the *Heav'n of Heav'ns*, which we live under,
The *Nations glory* and the *earths* great *wonder*:
To thee ſhall all the *Nations* Preſents bring,
As to the *higheſt* and the *wiſeſt* King.
As *ſtones* ſhall *Silver* in thy *ſtreets* remaine,
And *Cedars* as wilde *Fig-trees* on the *Plaine*:
All *Kings* to heare and ſee thee ſhall deſire,
But they that neereſt come, ſhall moſt *admire*,
To heare thy *heav'nly Wiſdome* plaine expound,
The *hardeſt Queſtions* that they can propound.
Oh happy, couldſt thou keep upright thy heart,
But ah! *ſtrange women* do the beſt pervert.

Lo

Lo! thus is *Davids* ſad melancholy
Turn'd, like *Sauls hatred*, into *propheſie*;
As torrent ſwift which long his courſe hath held,
On ſudden by immoderate ſhowers fill'd,
Breaks down the *Banke*, and beares the ground away,
And finding *new* his *former courſe* doth ſtay.
But all theſe *goodly hopes* of *Solomon*,
Could not divert his *love* from *Abſolon*,
Wherefore ſince *Ammon* could no more return,
He now takes comfort and begins to burn
With ſuch affection to *Abſolon*,
That even to fetch him home he could have gone;
Which *Joab* by ſome ſignes diſcovering,
A woman wiſe from *Tekoa* did bring
In *mourning-clothes*, with *aſhes* on her head,
As if ſhe had long mourned for the dead:
Who being well inſtructed in her part
By *Joab*, thus begins to ſhew her *Art*.
She meeting *David* at ſet time and place,
Low to the ground falls down upon her face,
And cryes out, help O King! thy ſervant ſave,
Ah *woman*, ſaid the King, what wouldſt thou have?
I am, ſaith ſhe, a woman widowed,
And live alone, thy *hand-maids* husband's dead,
Who leaving me *two ſonnes*, whilſt in the field
Each ſtrove with other, both too ſtout to yeeld,
And there not being any nigh to part,
He that ſtruck firſt was ſtricken to the heart:
So now *he* only doth to me remain,
Who in his *fury* hath his brother ſlain:
Happy yet were *thy ſervant*, if I might
Enjoy *this onely Son*, my ſoules delight,

But all the *kindred* of my *family*,
In just revenge for brothers blood, do cry,
Give us the heire to slay: So they my light,
In *Israel* would, ah me! extinguish quite,
Not suffering this *one man* on earth alive,
Thine *hand-maids husbands name* here to revive.
The *King*, by nature most affectionate,
With her in sorrow doth participate,
And saith, go home, good woman, be content,
Concerning thee, Ile give commandement.
But she repli'd againe, my *Lord* and *King*!
The *guilt* of this *iniquitie*, *God* bring
Upon my *Fathers family* and *me*.
Thou and thy *Throne of justice* shall be free.
Good woman feare thou nothing, said the King,
The man that speaks against thee, hither bring,
And I will give him an expresse command,
Against thee never more to lift his hand.
Oh King, saith she, remember *God* thy *Lord*,
Nor suffer more the sharp revenging sword,
To forrage as it formerly hath done,
Lest as my *first*, it slay my *second* son.
Now as the Lord doth live, by whom we all
Doe live, from's head this day no haire shall fall.
Yet, said the woman, I thine *hand-maid* pray,
Let me speake one word more, the King said, say:
Then said the woman: Oh why should the King,
On us, *Gods choosen people*, evill bring,
For by the words the *King* hath uttered,
Thou plainly hast to us discovered,
That thou indeed art faulty, oh my King,
That home thy banished thou dost not bring.

M

y *Liege* and *Lord*! consider this thing well,
hat danger 'tis for *Davids* heire to dwell,
ut of the Kingdome, and live baniſhed,
ea with an Heathen King his life to lead;
or as pure water ſpilt upon the ground,
ſoon dryed up, and can no more be found,
or is the *ſcent* and *purity* retain'd,
ut whilſt in ſome pure *glaſſe* it is contain'd:
o *people* periſh all without a *head*,
r like ſo many *Sheep* are ſcattered,
ut *God* who till this time hath him preſerv'd
nto this people, hath for good reſerv'd,
nd mov'd their hearts to wiſh at home againe,
hy *ſonne*, that yet doth *baniſhed* remaine.
nd now I to the *King* theſe things have ſaid,
ecauſe I of the people was afraid;
hus thought I, let me ſpeake unto my *Lord*,
may be he will heare his *hand-maids* word,
nd be as gentle unto *Abſolon*
s to thine *hand-maid* and mine onely *Sonne*,
hom thou haſt ſaved from *revenging hand*,
hat me and him would pluck out of the *Land*.
thought, if to *preſerve* a *family*,
hou wouldſt not let the *ſword* my *ſonne* deſtroy,
hou mightſt do much more for the *Kingdomes peace*,
nd for *Religions wealth* and *ſtrength's* increaſe.
or as an *Angel*, *God* hath given thee *skill*
o *heare* and *judge* aright of *good* and *ill*:
nd therefore, ſince the *Act* of this my *Son*,
s *one* with *thine*, God make thy *judgement one*.
he *King* repli'd, *good woman*, I deſire,
ide not from me the thing which I require,

Tell,

Tell, Is not *Joabs hand* with thee in this?
Ah, *good my Lord the King*, ſaid ſhe, it is:
I will not leave the truth on either hand,
For thou, O King, wilt ſoon it underſtand.
Thy *ſervant Joab* to my mouth convei'd,
Even all the words which I thine hand-maid ſaid;
That by their circumſtance my *Soveraigne* might,
Without affection *ſee* and *judge* aright,
And not the *peoples* and *our wiſhes* croſſe,
For *Abſolons offence* or *Ammons loſſe*.
Therefore, *oh King*, as now thou haſt been wiſe
For to diſcover all we could deviſe,
And as *Gods Angel* here doſt all things know,
So, by that *wiſdome*, all things wiſely do.
Thus ends the *woman*, when to *Joab* ſo
The King begins, as thou wilt all muſt go;
This thou projected haſt, it ſhall be done,
Go haſte, and fetch the young-man, *Abſolon*:
Then *Joab* falling down upon his *face*,
Gave humble thanks for this ſo high a grace,
Oh King, ſaith he, what grace haſt thou expreſt,
In yeelding to thy ſervants bold requeſt?
And now thought *Joab*, with this ſimulation,
To make at once an utter ſupplantation,
Of *Bathſhebes* projecting for her Son,
By bringing back from *Geſhur*, *Abſolon*.
Such is mans nature ay with envious eye,
To view our *equals*, rais'd to *dignity*,
And would more willingly, though with more danger,
Than to their *own*, be ſubject to a *ſtranger*:
But *Bathſhebe* perceiving his *deſigne*,
As prudently did worke her counter mine,

And

And to the Prophet straight her self applyes,
They best direct that first with God advise,
And thus begins: Good Prophet! seest thou not
How cruell *Joab* cunningly doth plot,
To bring in grace again proud *Absolon*,
And ruine utterly my *Solomon*?
What then shall all those propheſies betide,
Which have by thee of him been propheſide,
If *Joabs* craft againſt us may prevail,
Ah help! Gods promiſes do never fail.
Madame, ſaith *Nathan*, they ſhall ay endure,
And like the Mountaines, ſtable ſtand and ſure;
The *Goat* ſhall eaſelier dive into the deep,
And *Dolphin* up to top of Mountains creep,
Than earthly powers Gods promiſes with-ſtand,
What's *arme* of *fleſh* againſt his mighty hand?
Mens ſubtill windings, cloſe diſſimulations,
Are even as vain as their imaginations,
Turn'd by his *power* and *wiſdome* to thoſe ends
And purpoſes, his *goodneſſe* here intends:
God works not here by likely meanes, as man,
What he is pleas'd to will, he alwayes can:
By cauſes he ſometimes, oft times without,
Againſt all cauſes brings he things about;
All things are wrought according to his will,
They happy who it cheerfully fulfill,
And voluntary Agents do their beſt,
Upon his goodneſſe faithfully to reſt;
Experience forbids us to diſtruſt
Th'Almighty, as unable or unjuſt,
All *Sauls* projectings, *David* to keep down,
Were but as ſteps to raiſe him to the Crown,

The more deliverances, the more his praiſe,
No keeping down whom God intends to raiſe.
Good *Nathan*, ſaith the *Queen*, no eloquence
Inſtructs us like our owne experience;
(I now delight not to recount my ſtory,
Mine be the ſhame, I give to God the glory:)
From bed of ſinne, which did me wel-nigh ſmother,
He rais'd me up to be the happie mother
Of ſuch a child, whoſe wiſe and potent hand,
Should ſway the Scepter of this holy Land,
And be to all ſucceeding generations,
Our glory, and the aſtoniſhment of Nations.
Lo! *Nathan* I have bred him in my wombe,
And ſuckel'd at my breſts, till hee's become
Of Learning capable: Now I him bring,
To thee to be inſtructed like a King.
Madame, ſaith *Nathan*, 'tis the beſt of Arts,
To give right rules to children, for their parts:
For as of other things, ſo of man-kind,
In youth the time is to inſtruct the mind.
What liquor they be ſeaſon'd with, they hold,
To middle age, yea even when they are old:
Then as the yeelding tender twigs in field,
Contented are to husbands hand to yeeld,
And, as it gently them directs, do grow
Up towards Heaven, or to the ground below,
So *Tutors* may their minds depreſſe or raiſe
To baſe deſires, or thoughts deſerving praiſe:
Sweet *Manna* only did with morning laſt,
Soon as the Sun grew hot, the time was paſt:
This is the time true vertues ſeeds to ſow,
That they with them in ſtrength may thrive and grow,

And

And not discern, grown up to middle stature,
If they be thus by precept, or by nature.
First be they taught their Parents to revere,
Distemper, lying and deceit to feare,
To have Gods dreadfull Name in reverence,
For hope of good, and feare of punishments.
On them yet this inforce not, but instill
It gently, with good liking to their will,
For what is so enforced on us then,
We fall into dislike of, growing men,
And being free and at full liberty,
More pleasing wayes unto our natures try.
Acquaint their growing minds with pleasing Stories,
Of vertues sweet rewards, and highest glories,
But never vices in their presence name,
Without eternall infamy and blame:
Nor let them know how commonly they reigne,
Least they to them a liking entertaine:
This will their minds to vertue elevate,
And make them vices loath detest and hate,
And if you finde their Natures do intend
To any errours, them to th'adverse bend,
As oft we bow young twigs clean opposite,
Of purpose onely, for to set them right.
When you have sweetend thus their inclination,
Nothing improves it more than emulation,
Be it at Schoole, or play, they exercise,
Allure them with the glory of the prize:
Best minds have all this inbred quality,
To set their chief delight on victory.
Thus Prophets should good rules and precepts give,
By which they after do intend to live;

For

For so did *Nathan* with his *blessed charge*,
Who now conceiving he was set at large,
Removed from his awfull parents eye,
And freely left to his owne liberty,
Begins like Colt to run his full careare,
But *Nathan* him restraines with modest feare,
Yet not abridging him those sweet delights,
To which his tender pupillage invites:
He by the gentlest meanes him first inclin'd,
To sports that better *Body* might and *mind*,
And told and taught him all brave *martiall* Story,
To fill his *limbs* with *strength*, and *heart* with *glory*.
An errour 'tis in those that youth up train,
Them from sweet lively pleasures to restrain,
Licentious looseneſſe is a foule extreme,
Between these two doth lye the golden mean.
They that our best and noblest horses breed,
Do let them run at liberty and feed,
Till they unto their height of strength be grown,
Then gently tam'd for services and shown.
Who to their Books too hardly youths constraine,
The heat draw from their stomack to the brain,
Them making heavie, lumpish, dull, and slow,
And dry that moysture up should make them grow.
As Colts which at the first be over-toil'd,
Turn jades, and are in every journey foil'd,
As fruit ripe in the morning rots ere noon,
Such is the *fate* of all that ripe too soon.
But such is not the *fate* of *Solomon*,
Though all his *equalls* are by him out-gone:
In learning, riding, any recreation,
He all transcends beyond all emulation.

Theſe ſoon are paſt, and now he ſets his mind,
The higheſt wiſdome only out to find,
Which *Nathan* finding ſhewes his utmoſt Art,
To ſeaſon with Gods holy feare his heart,
The holieſt heavenly precepts to inſtill,
Both to his underſtanding and his will,
Wherein this child not only doth outgo
His equals, but ev'n his great Maſter too,
" So do we often ſee great God impartts
" To his Vice-gerents, large and ample hearts,
" By which they may more able be to lead,
" And guide the people in their Makers ſtead.
You great ones that do ſubtilely project,
By meanes unjuſt, and cruell, to effect
The things you aime at, and oft-times in blood
Of friends and allyes, make your actions good;
That make no conſcience, by diſſimulations,
To ruine Cities, Families and Nations.
Though oft you paſſe unſeen by mortall eyes,
He ſits in heav'n that all your works deſcryes,
Conducing all your projects to thoſe ends,
His goodneſſe, not your malice, here intends.
Yea thoſe pure ſpirits, which are waiting ſtill
On earth, his heav'nly pleaſure to fulfill;
See all your windings, and with grief behold
Proud mortalls here, ſo deſperately bold,
Upon theſe fraile and brittle habitations,
To perpetrate ſo foule abhominations
In ſight of God, of Angels, and the Devill,
Who takes delight to ſee them work all evill:
Oh doe but make a true juſt eſtimation,
Of them that uſe ſuch cloſe diſſimulation:

Survey

Survey their lives, and you shall plainly see,
The best men have been open faire and free.
Deep Politicks faire vertues *formes* commend,
As most conducing to their aimes and end,
But hold the practice is an hinderance,
To all that great affayers would advance,
They *Grace* and *Holinesse* it self would seem,
Not to be so in *deed*, but in *esteem*,
By false pretence of *Goodnesse* to do *evill*,
A *Principle* for *Lucifer* the Devill.

THE

THE THIRD BOOKE.

Bathsheba bathing.

OH what a happy thing 'tis to be bred
Of godly Parents, and well tutored;
Especially for Kings, whose education
Brings happinesse or mine to a Nation;
Yea Subjects children, bred too tenderly,
Infect a City, Town or Family,
With lewd examples, quickly followed.
By *Precepts* wee are *dragg'd*, by *Patterns led.*
Now *David* by too good experience,
Had prov'd what mischief comes by indulgence,
In breeding children; *Ammon* grown so bold,
He might not by his Father be comrol'd
For foulest *incest*, *Mauchas Absolon*,
Hath kill'd the *Prince* his brother and is gone.

Faire

Faire *Thamar* now remains more desolate
By *Ammons* murther, than his rape or hate;
Revenge that's private, lawlesse shedding bloud
Without the Magistrate, doth no man good;
The Murtherer in exile must remain,
Till *Joab* comes to bring him home againe,
Who taking for's Companion *Abishai*,
Lo thus begins discoursing on the way.
Many that are indeed, or would seem wise,
And by the past, of things to come, surmise,
Do hold that in all bodies politick,
Diseases are, as men, are well or sick,
That rising Kingdomes periods have; which past,
They like our bodies here, decline and waste,
Till their last ruine; and, as bodies, states
Beginnings, risings, fallings have and dates:
And sure 'tis no hard matter to observe,
How states are healthfull, thrive, decline and sterve.
But he's the *Statist* profitably wise,
That knows their *sickenesse* and *remedies*,
Be their disease in *body*, *feet*, or *head*,
By *Prudence* they may be recovered,
But he indeed is Master of his Art,
That keeps th'infection from the *head* and *heart*,
The *King* and *Army*, for by these, lo all
Monarchs and *Kingdomes* flourish, rise and fall;
And sure we seldome see a remedy
Of such infection, but *Phlebotomy*.
Nought more (saith *Abishai*) foments the rude
Seditions of the giddy multitude,
Than those our wandring *Levites*, discontents
At Churches, or the Kingdomes government;

Their

Their reason why they are so disaffected,
Is, that they think *their gifts* too much neglected,
That they are not assum'd, yet able are
The weight of government alone to beare;
And therefore *new Church Orders* will devise,
To make the people *all the old* despise,
And thus would bring into the peoples hate,
All ancient governours of Church and State.
Lo! this disease, now good experience finds,
Like plague of Leprosie, infects the minds
Of people, and instilling close dislike
Of *Governours*, at *Church* and *State* does strike.
These seeme, at first, low on the ground to creep,
But soon they into *Counsell Chambers* peep;
Where, though they dare not reach up at the *Crowne*,
They all that are *above them* would pull downe;
And if our Rulers negligence give way,
Whereby they may but seem to beare the sway,
They such strange *Church-disorders* will propound,
As quickly would both Church and State confound,
Agreeing all to crosse what Law commands,
Yet differing in their severall demands.
Some *Statists* think that this distemper growes
The more, that Rulers strive it to oppose:
But our too late experience hath found,
How dangerous 'tis, to give these humours ground,
Though scarce a *great man* meddles in these actions,
Except some few to strengthen more their factions;
I wish such to some new-found Land would go,
That we the *sound* might from the *th'infected* know.
Alas! saith *Joab*, these vain idle rude
Distempers of the brainlesse multitude,

Are

Are by a *purge* or *vomit* quickly spent,
Or turn'd into the bodies nourishment:
They most, in times of *wanton peace*, do breed,
Begot at first of *Humour*, and do *feed*
On *Ayre*, *popular applause*, I mean,
No *Policy* can them extirpate cleane,
So long as there is *moisture* to supply
Juice to the *root*, if that once faile, they dye.
Many *divine* of *changes* in our *state*,
Because our *King* hath been *unhappy* late,
Since his last *marriage*, his *Child* is dead,
His *first-born* slaine, his *daughter ravished*,
And *Chileab* is lost, his *second Sonne*,
So now his *heire* is *Maacha Absolon*.
Few but my selfe, our *States* disease do know,
Whereby so many troubles on us grow,
Our sicknesse is of *sinne* even in the head,
Which (as diseases most by *ease* are bred)
Grew in the King, when he too much did yeeld
To *pleasure*, whilst his *Armie* lay in field.
For whereas in all *Battailes* he was wont
To be most *valiant*, and the *first in front*;
When we last went against the *Ammonite*,
He in his *Palace* had another *fight*,
Till plainly I discover'd, past all doubt,
The Citie *Rabbah* could not long hold out,
I sent for him toth' taking of the same,
Lest it were called after by my name.
Not to delay thee long, although the King
Did sin in secret, God would have the thing
To all be known: vain hope 'tis to conceale
Our sinnes from men, which we to God reveale.

Swee

Sweet *Bathsheba*, *Judeas* faireſt Maid,
By divers *Princes* courted, woo'd and prai'd,
At laſt was carryed by the braveſt *Lord*,
That ere in *Monarchs quarrell* drew a Sword;
A *Hittite*, but the nobleſt of his houſe,
Wiſe, *modeſt*, *valiant* and *religious*,
Who 'mongſt King *Davids Worthies* had a name,
And *ſecond* was to none in *worth* and *fame*.
Nor was ſhe *faire without*, and *inly baſe*,
But like *Gold Picture* in a *Silver caſe*,
Was by this Lord *belov'd*, and lik'd agen,
Thus *faireſt Dames* make choiſe of *braveſt men*.
A *happy union* and a *bleſſed paire*,
As truly *vertuous* as *ſeeming faire*,
In true affection tide, and link'd in love,
As *Spheares* which by one *mutuall motion* move;
So ſhe him honours, and he is ſo kind,
They ſeem'd *two bodies* govern'd by *one mind*:
Yet were not their *affections* more combind,
Than *Love* and *Honour* in them both conjoind.
Was ever *Virgin* to the *Temple* led,
More *chaſte* than ſhe into *Uriahs* bed?
To revelling ſhe ſeldome would reſort,
But was moſt part a *ſtranger at the Court*,
Whoſe *ſtrange* and *new attyres*, ſhe did not know,
Where *Ladies naked breſts*, and *ſhoulders* ſhow,
Like *Chapmen*, who their *wares* ſhew to the eye,
And bid you *like* for *love*, for *money buy*:
Love never *friends* more *cloſely faſtened*,
No *Turtles* truer to each others *bed*.
There *Love* and *Honour arme* in *arme* did ſtand,
But ever *Honour* had the upper hand:

Whereof a proof to thee Ile briefly tell.
When *Hanun* had reproached *Israel*,
In violating with imprudent hands,
Our Kings *Ambassadours*, the *sacred bands*
Of *mutuall Amity* 'twixt *State* and *State*,
By *David* sent, him to congratulate,
Their beards and garments shaving to the thighes,
In foulest scorn, as if they had been spies;
And that he saw, he stank in *Davids sight*,
He hir'd the *Syrian* and the *Aramite*
Against our King, which when he understands,
He me commands to muster all his bands,
And men of might: of which not one did I
Wish more, than brave *Uriahs* company.
And therefore where my Officers I sent
To others, at his house, to him I went,
Where I them found inchain'd in *Lovers charms*,
Delighting sweetly each in others *arms*;
When I made known to them the Kings command,
Amaz'd they gazing each on other stand:
A while with deare *affection*, *honour* strove,
But *Honour* got the victory of *Love*.
And she begins; my Lords, I must confesse,
I like my *husband*, know no *earthly blesse*.
But not for *beauty*, *wealth*, or *wanton love*,
Did I desire to make him *mine*, above
All other *Princes*, that to me did sue,
But for his *valour*, *worth*, and *honour* true:
But since he cannot *serve* to my *content*,
Without his *worths* and *honours* detriment,
Go chearly forth, let it be never said,
With thee *thy courage* in *mine armes* is laid.

Should

hould you want *men*, these *womans armes* should fight,
o be revenged on the *Ammonite*,
Who on Gods people put so foule a scorn,
s never any Nation could have born.
hese Sweet expressions of her loyall love,
heart of flint, or sullen brasse might move
o pitty her: I must confesse my *heart*,
ill then did never act a yeelding part.
hou knowst in what fierce *battails* I have been,
hat *cruelties* in *Conquests* I have seen,
hen we the *bated City Rabbah* sackt,
ow diversly the common souldier rackt,
ll of both sexes, were they young or old,
o make them shew where they had hid their gold.
he streets on all sides eccho'd plaints and grones,
nd childrens braines were dasht against the stones,
ere babes hang sprawling on a Souldiers speare,
Lady faire, one drags out by the haire,
hilst other from her teare her rich attire,
hen throw her naked body in the mire:
o here a child and mother, loth to part,
re nailed fast together with a Dart:
ere little babes not knowing ill from good,
o play and paddle in their parents blood:
ll *Captives* which we took, thou sawst put under,
he Tile-kils, or with Sawes cut quite asunder:
ome we with iron Axes hew and pare,
nd some we under iron Harrowes tare.
ll these fierce *Hostile furies* did not move
ine heart, so much as these effects of *Love*.
o as indeed I was content to yield,
athshebas brests should be *Uriahs* field.

But she repli'd, Lord *Joab*, I do hate
To purchase *pleasure* at so *high a rate*,
And therefore wisht her husband to prepare
Himselfe for *Armes*, the *rest* should be her care.
A tender *Mother* that hath only *one*,
Most carefull is in breeding up that *Sonne*,
Soon as he for some place in *Schoole* is fit,
Where are best helps for to enrich his wit,
When time's at hand, that he should thither ride,
And be disjoyned from his Mothers side,
Although his absence grieves her at the heart,
Yet for his good, she's willing he should part,
She trusts some *friend* a Chamber to prepare
At *Schoole*, whilst she for needfull things takes care;
So *Bathsheba* commends her onely *one*
To me, to care for, as my *deare st Sonne*:
Nor ever would omit, what might advance
Her husbands *honour*, *worth* and *valiance*:
Thus were we by our King sent out to fight
'Gainst *Ammon*, *Ishtob* and the *Aramite*.
Where, as we neere approach'd the City Gate,
We *Arams* host behind us spide, though late,
When as before us, lo! the *Ammonite*,
In Battaile ready set, came out to fight.
When I the *Battaile* thus in *front* did finde,
Ammon before, the *Aramite* behind,
I put the choise of *Israel* in array
'Gainst *Aram*, and the rest, my *Abishai*,
I did commit to thee, that thou shouldst fight
Most valiantly, against the *Ammonite*.
Whom, if thou wert unable to resist,
I promis'd thee mine aid, and if I mist

hy help 'gainſt *Aram*, thou ſhouldſt help agen,
ever, ſaid I, play the valiant men.
e for our Cities, and Gods *people* fight,
et him do what it ſeems good in his ſight.
gainſt proud *Aram* ſoon I got the day,
hich *Ammon* ſeeing, turn'd and run away
nto their Town, we to *Jeruſalem*,
eturn'd with honour, having beaten them.
ut hauty *Sirians*, ſcorning one ſhould tell,
hat they were vanquiſh'd thus by *Iſrael*,
reat *Hadadezar*, that ſame *potent King*,
o whom the *petty Kings* did preſents bring,
ends for the *Aramites* beyond the Floud,
nd came againe to make their quarrell good.
hich *David* hearing, them at *Helam* met.
here both in battaile each 'gainſt other ſet,
e all his *Chariots* and *Foot-men* loſt,
ith *Shoba* that great Captaine of his Hoſt.
ut when the *Kings* ſaw *Hadadezer* fell,
heir greateſt King, 'fore th'hoſt of *Iſrael*,
hey made their peace, and being weak and poore,
eſolv'd to helpe the *Ammonite* no more.
hou me about haſt with long ſtories led,
ut what's this to the ſickneſſe of the head;
ll this, ſaith *Abiſhai*, I ſaw and know,
will forthwith, ſaith *Joab*, briefly ſhow,
ut we *old men*, ('tis held a fault in all)
re in our *Tales* too *circumſtantiall*.
ut this that to my purpoſe was ſo fit,
could not without prejudice omit.
heſe were the *ſpeciall reaſons* mov'd the King
o root out *Ammon*, for the following Spring.

About

About the time that Kings go forth to warre,
His Souldiers *David* muster'd neer and farre,
And me against strong *Rabbah* with them sent,
Whilst he at home in ease liv'd, and content;
Where as one evening from his Couch he rose,
Which he did often use for his repose,
And walking on his *houses Battlement*,
To view the *glorious Starres* in *Firmament*,
(Which now the *Sun* had new withdrawn his sight,
Began to shimmer with their *borrowed light*)
Lo he from thence a glorious *object* spyes,
Which makes his *heart* do homage to his *eyes*,
Out of the water he discerns a light
Arise, more glorious than the *Queen of night*,
And yet he thought it could not be the *Moon*,
Her beauty *borrowed* is, this was her *owne*.
Yet 'twas a *woman*, but of such a *feature*,
As in her frame, all *Arts* conjoyn'd with *Nature*,
Who sate all naked in a velvet chaire,
Broad-spreading with white Comb her golden hair
Which as *thin clouds* do, oft in Summers night,
Obscure the beames of fairest *Cynthias light*,
So shadowed her *haire* from *Davids* eyes,
Her singular admired rarities.
But soon she leaps into the water light,
VVhere lo, she shines like to a *Lilly* white,
In purest glasse, or as we see a *Grace*
Idea'd sweetly in a *Christall Case*.
To make the way seem short, I to the life
Describe the beautie of this *Worthyes* wife.
One while with *armes* as if with *oares* she drives
Her swimming *body*, and anon she dives;

On

One while upright, she in the water stands,
Above her head it pashing with her hands,
Whose drops upon her haire like pearls did leap,
Which falling down do seem to mourn and weep.
But best might the particulars appeare
Of her sweet *countenance* and *beauty rare*,
When like faire *Roach* (which on a Summers day,
Bove water leaps, as Fishes use to play.)
She leaves the *Bath*, and on a chaire set higher,
Her Maidens haste with warmed clothes to dry her.
Then lo, her soft silk *hayre* with curled folds,
Out-braves the brightnesse of sweet *Marygolds*,
Her *Ovall front*, her nimble vigorous *eye*,
Where's *sweetnesse*, *humblenesse* and *majesty*,
Her *browes* thin haire, as silver fringe adorns,
Like *Cynthias beames*, when first she shewes her *horns*:
Her *cheeks* sweet beds of Lillies and of Roses,
Betwixt which, like a rising hill, her *nose* is,
Beneath that lo her *lippes* like Rubies show,
Or *Red-rose bud* that new begins to blow:
Below which, lo a *valley* dimpled in,
Us leads to flowry hillock of her *chin*,
Her *Ivory necke*, which doth her *head* uphold,
Like silver handle to a cup of Gold,
On her faire *shoulders* is by joints so plac'd,
It turns like *golden fane*, yet stands as fast.
Beneath which rise her either *si ken breast*,
Like paire of milk-white Pigeons in a nest;
Or like the first forbidden fruits of sinne,
Whereof first *Eve* to *Adam* did begin,
Or like two bunches of a fruitfull Vine,
And when she blushes like to sops in wine;

Her

Her either *hand* as richest Cabinet,
Had on each *finger* Pearles and Diamonds set,
Each *lim* of her beseem'd even Beauties Queen,
I only now describe what may be seen.
But when her *warmed clothes* had sucked in
The water, loth to leave so faire a *skin*,
She from her chaire leaps nimbly to her bed,
And from his sight with clothes was covered:
Which more amaz'd the King, than all the sight
Before could yeeld him comfort and delight:
So have I seen in cleerest Summer night,
Dart from the skies a *Lamp of shining light*,
Whereat *rude people* stand amazed all,
And sweare they saw a *Star* from *Heav'n* to fall,
Which doth portend, say they, great alterations
Of *State*, *Sword*, *Famine*, *Plague* or *Inundations*.
But how, saith *Abishai*, at even-tide
Were these sweet Beauties by the King descri'd?
Quoth *Joab*, brother 'twas not so late night,
Where Sun was set, but by the Heavens pure light,
The King might easely look down from his Tower,
And see a Lady *bathing* in her *Bower*:
Yea *Abishai* thou knowst in *darkest night*,
Where such a *Sun doth shine*, there needs *no light*.
Thus he that late ascends the *Batt'ement*,
To view the glorious *Starres*, and *Firmament*,
And in them to admire Gods *grace* and *glory*,
With too much gazing, sings another *story*:
Lo he whose *soule* was like a *weaned Child*,
Pure, *simple*, *abstinent*, and *undefil'd*,
Becomes *impure*, thus is base *slime* and *dust*
From *heavenly thoughts* proclive to *fleshly lust*.

He

He first looks to *inquire*, then with *delight*,
Next with *consent*, last with sharp *appetite*.
Thus *Achan* looked, *lik'd* and *coveted*
The *cursed Gold*, and *thing prohibited*.
Base *lust* of th'*eye*, that sets our *mind* on *fire*,
And burnes us with *inordinate desire*:
Uncircumcised boasting Philistin,
Who, if in single fight, he gets within,
Doth conquer all, and therefore *David* chose
To fight with him *at distance*, never close.
But now that he is call'd to single fight
With spirituall Philistin, of greater might,
Contrary clean to that he did before,
Than *closing*, he desireth nothing more;
And therefore soon as he could well inquire,
And find 'twas *Bathsheba*, he did desire,
He sends one of his Chamber, to invite
Her to the Court, sometimes to take delight,
Till her belov'd *Uriah* did return,
And not to sit all day at home and mourn:
Glad was the woman, that her *Lord* and *King*,
Did so much for her Husbands *honouring*,
And sayes, though for *Uriahs* safe retire,
To pray and mourn I onely do desire,
I will my self and him this thing denay,
Ere I my gracious King will disobey.
Soon as the King her in the *Court* doth see,
Amongst the *Ladies*, like faire *Cypresse* Tree,
Amongst the *Shrubs*, or *Cynthia* shining bright,
Amid the twinkling *Starres* in frosty night,
He first begins her *beauty* to commend,
And blushing kist her *cheek*, and calls her *friend*,

And

And ſaid that if he might a *ſervant* be
To ſuch a *beautious Miſtris:* his degree
Of State ſhould bow, her humbly to obſerve,
And do his beſt her favour to deſerve.
Thus though her *Husbands Honour* firſt did bring,
This *Dame* to *Court*, yet *proud* now, that a King
Should there confeſſe, he did ſuch ſervice owe,
(For few faire Ladies but their beauty know)
As ready was to *take* as he to *offer*,
All *Complements of Court*, the King would proffer,
Not once ſuſpecting ſuch a *godly King*
Would offer her the leaſt *diſhonouring*:
Nor could all *Satans* cunning him have brought.
At firſt, to entertaine ſo foule a thought,
But as a *ſimple Lambe* on flowrie *banks*
Of *Jordan* bounds, and leaps, and plaies his pranks,
Till his *faire ſhadow* in the watry glaſſe,
He ſpies, which ſeemes the ſubſtance to ſurpaſſe,
Whereon he nigher comes, and comes to look,
Till unawares he falls into the *brook*,
Whence he may ſtrive to get out, but in vain,
The ſtreames by force him carry to the *Main*:
Even ſo the *King* at firſt begins to *play*
With her *pure hand*, as on his *Couch* he lay,
Then gazing on her *eyes* and *modeſt face*,
Reflecting *beauties*, like a *Looking-glaſſe*,
He unawares in *Beauties* ſnare is took,
Ev'n as the *Lamb* was drowned in the *Brook*.
Oh *lothſomneſſe*, *deceitfulneſſe* of *ſinne*?
The *ſweetneſſe*, *bitterneſſe* we finde therein,
Beginnings, *fawnings*, *growing*, *terrour*, *ſmart*,
Our weakneſſe, *Satans envie*, *mans falſe heart!*

Thus

Thus *Mortals* (which to Heaven should seek the way)
As *Fishes*, which in *fresher water* play,
Swim in delights, and *lustfull pleasures* all,
Till unawares they in the *dead-sea* fall:
But as you evermore shall see *one sinne*
Beget *another*, to lye hidden in,
So *David*, his *Adultery* to hide,
Commits first *drunkennesse*, then *homicide*,
For she perceiving that she had conceiv'd,
And fearing lest (for being so deceiv'd)
The *Lords* and all the *people* would her blame,
Because her Lord could not beget the same,
Who had been three full months to battail gone,
Before her *bathing*, and the *act* was done,
She hereof closely certifies the King,
Who seeks thus to provide a covering,
He sends to me a Letter, which requir'd
Uriah home, as if he had desir'd,
To know by him, how all things did succeed,
But 'twas to father what his wife did breed.
In brief *Uriah* comes, and doth relate
To *David* mine, and all the peoples state,
And how the warres went on, and prospered,
Then *David* wisht him get him home to bed,
Refresh thy self, thy journey hath been great,
And after him he sends a messe of meat.
But *brave Uriah*, hating all delight,
Or pleasure, which disabled him to fight;
Among the Guard did all that night attend,
Nor would to his own house, and wife descend.
Which when the King, next morrow, understands,
He of *Uriah* thus the cause demands.

Brave

Brave *Hittite*, may thy King the reason know?
Why this last night, when thou didst from me go,
You went not home, but tarryed with my Gard,
As of thy journey thou hadst no regard?
Who said, the *Arke* with *Judah*, *Israel*,
And my Lord *Joab* in their *Tents* do dwell,
Abroad i'th' field: What then, shall I alone
Lye with my wife, and eat and drink at home?
As thy soule lives, and as thou liv'st, O King,
I am resolved not to do this thing.
The King yet caus'd him in the City stay
All that, and afterwards another day,
In hope at last he to his wife would go,
But when he found that *this way* would not do,
He makes him in his presence sup that night,
And drink down healths, untill his head was light,
Yet he his wife regarded nere the more,
But with the *Gard* all night lay as before.
Oh such *brave Spirits*, saith *Abishai*, would raise
Unto themselves and us immortall praise,
Were they but, as they due deserve, regarded,
But see, saith *Joab*, how this was rewarded?
He brings a Letter sign'd with *Davids* hand
To me, which did to this effect command:
"Of *thee*, and of *thy host* I did inquire
"By *this*, and finde all things as I desire,
"This onely now to thee, I do not find
"This *Hittite* answerable to my mind,
"And therefore set him formost in the fight,
"Where thou discern'st the men of greatest might,
"And when he is in danger, soon retire,
"And let him dye: No other cause inquire,

"Of

" Of thy King *David*. Having this command,
My part was to obey, and not to ſtand
In diſputation, were it wrong or right,
And therefore where I ſaw moſt men of might
Defend the walls, I brave *Uriah* ſent,
Where all ſucceeded juſt to mine intent,
Of *Davids* ſervants many likewiſe fell,
Both of *Judea*, and of *Iſrael*.
Whereof, when firſt I certifi'd the King,
He ſeemed much diſpleaſed with the thing,
But when he heard *Uriah* alſo di'd,
His wrath appeas'd, he thus again repli'd.
Salute thou *Joab*, tell him *after-care*
Or *grief* avails not 'gainſt the *chance of Warre*,
For thus the ſword doth uſually devoure,
All that do come within his reach or power:
Be not diſcourag'd, make thine Armie ſtrong,
To be reveng'd of this and all our wrong.
What ſaid his wife, ſaith *Abiſhai* hereto?
Ev'n mourn'd for faſhion, as rich widdowes do,
Saith *Joab*, but as ſoon as that was done,
The King her makes his wife, and takes her home.
The joy to be a *Queen* ſoon dryes her eyes,
And with her *husbands murtherer* ſhe lyes.
Wondrous iniquity, ſaith *Abiſhai*,
I never heard the like, untill this day,
A head *diſtemper'd* thus cannot but *ake*,
And make the *heart* and all the *members* ſhake.
He were a man of *wondrous wiſdome* ſure,
That could to this *diſeaſe* apply a *cure*:
Is not one *Prophet* left in *Iſrael*,
That dares the *King* of theſe *offences* tell?

Yes

Yes sure, saith *Joab*, there's a skilfull one,
Hath searcht this *sore* unto the very *bone*,
Good *Nathan*, yet with such a *gentle hand*,
He made the King his faults to understand,
By telling others, so the *sore* did presse,
With *prudent, gentle, pious tenderne sse.*
For Prophets that reprove such *faults in Kings*,
Must strike at *one*, to sound out *other strings*,
And not *reproach* their *errours* to their *faces*,
Nor publish to the people their *disgraces.*
Since *Bathsheba's* conception did begin,
The King *slept* in this *Lethargy of sinne*,
They *both* had like *beginning, life* and *growth*,
And have like *bringing forth*, and *birth of both.*
As *skilfull Leech* to cure his *Patients* ills,
With *gold* oft covers *bi.ter wholsome pills*:
So *Nathan* doth this *Parable* apply,
A *seeming-sweet* but *bitter remedy.*
Pardon my *Liege*, saith he, if *Justice* I
Desire, when *sinnes* to *Heaven* for *vengeance* cry,
Lo in a *City* were, nay which is more,
Still are *two men*, one *rich*, the other *poore*,
The *rich* had mighty *Heards* and *Flocks*, the *poore*
A *little Lambe* had onely for his store,
Deare bought, which he at *home* with him did cherish,
And even amongst his *sonnes* and *daughters* nourish,
Drank of his *cup*, eate of his *bread*, and ay
As his own *daughter* in his *bosome* lay.
But lo, a *stranger* to the *rich man* came,
Who secretly purloins the *poore mans Lamb*,
Whereof he for the *stranger* doth prepare,
And his own *Heard* and all his *Lambs* did spare.

Now

Now as the Lord lives, *David* doth reply,
The man that did the thing deserves to dye;
Besides he foure-fold shall the *Lamb* restore,
Because he was so cruell to the *poore*.
As he that doth besiege a *mighty Tower*,
Doth use at first more *policy* than *power*:
But when the *breach* is made, and he got in,
To shew his *strength* and *courage* doth begin:
And as we see *Ambassadours* of Kings,
In *formes* are *curteous*, but advance the things,
Which unto them their *master* doth command
With resolution, so doth *Nathan* stand,
The *breach* with as much *courage* to maintain,
As he the same by *subtile* meanes did gaine:
Thou art the man, saith *Nathan*, thou alone
This vile abhominable thing hast done;
Thou art the *rich*, *Uriah* was the *poore*,
Thou hast thy *choise of wives*, he *one*, no *more*,
Which thou hast *ravisht*, and her husband *slain*,
The *wicked stranger*, *lust* to entertain.
This is the thing I must make plainly known,
The words I speak are *Gods*, and not *mine own*.
I have annointed thee the *King of all*
My people, and thee freed from *hand of Saul*,
I gave to thee thy *Masters house* and *wives*,
And to thy hand committed all the lives
Of *Israel* and *Judah*, and would more
To thee have given, if thou hadst wanted store:
Oh! why shouldst thou my Precepts thus despise!
And do this wicked evill in mine eyes?
The stout *Uriah* by thy sword is dead,
And thou his *wife* hast taken to thy *bed*.

This

This *Worthy* oft escap'd more dangerous fights,
Thy sword hath kil'd him, not the *Ammonites*.
The *sword* shall never from thine house depart,
Because thou hast despised me, and art
Defil'd with *ravishing Uriahs* wife,
And for thy *pleasure* took'st away *his life*.
Thus, saith the Lord, against *thee* I will raise
Up evill in thine *house*, even in *thy dayes*,
Thy *fruit* begotten in *Adultery*,
Shall onely breed thee *sorrow*, and so dye,
Thy Sonne with *incest* shall defile the bed,
Of thine *own daughter*, by him ravished:
Thy *Sonnes* shall rise up one against another,
And *Brothers hands* imbrew with bloud of *Brother*:
Thy *Wives* shall be defil'd in *open light*,
The *Sun* shall blush to see so foule a *sight*:
Thou sin'dst in *secret*, but this shall be done
In *sight of all the people* and the *Sunne*.
As tender *Oakes* shak'd with *fierce blasts of wind*,
By yeelding do the *faster rooting* find,
When stouter *Oakes*, which give no *way at all*,
Are *thrown quite down*, and ruine in their fall,
So it with *David* fares, whose heart relents,
And shakes and trembles at Gods *menacements*,
His sinne confessing, but his *Faith* holds fast,
And sings this *Penitentiall Psalme* at last.

PSAL

Psal. 51.

Of thy great goodnesse, Lord, some pitty take
On me whom sinne
Doth now awake,
That thou in loving kindnesse wilt begin,
All mine offences easely may,
Be by thy mercies done away.

Then wash me throughly from this staine
Of sinfull guilt,
Till none remaine.
Now I confesse, O Lord, thou canst and wilt,
Cause sin, which now me lyes before,
Never to rise against me more.

Against thee I, O Lord, have sinn'd alone,
And in thy sight
This evill done,
That judg'd, thou might'st be found most pure and right,
I full of sinne, of good bereav'd,
Just as my mother me conceiv'd.

Thou truth dost in the inward parts require,
Which to discern
Lord, me inspire,
So I of thee may secret wisdome learn:
With Hyssope purge me, I shall grow
More clean and pure than whitest snow.

Of joy and gladnesse make thou me to heare,
My broken bones
Thus shalt thou cheare,
And into joyfull Ditties change my grones,
Thy face turn from my sins foul hew,
My heart make clean, my spirit renew.

Cast me not out from thee for my demerit,
Nor take from me
Thy holy Spirit;
Recomfort, Lord! my will conform to thee,
So shall I sinners teach thy way,
And them convert that go astray.

From guilt of blood, O Lord, deliver me,
Oh help or never
Shall I be free,
So of thy goodnesse I shall sing for ever,
Ope thou my lips, mine Organs raise,
Then shall my mouth set forth thy praise.

Thou ſacrifice deſir'ſt not, elſe would I
With all my might
Thereto comply,
Nor doſt thou in burnt-offerings delight,
A troubled ſpirit's beſt ſacrifice,
Broak contrite hearts thou'lt not deſpiſe.

Let thy protecting arms like walls embrace
Hieruſalem,
And Sion grace;
Then our burnt offerings thee ſhall pleaſe agen,
We will upon thine Altar lay,
Gifts and oblations every day.

Here *Joab* ends, when noble *Abiſhai*,
Lo thy diſcourſe hath ſhortned much the way,
Beyond the River I diſcern the plain,
That *Jair*, *Manaſſes* ſon, by ſword did gain,
Upon which bordereth the *Geſhurite*,
Ride on, we may ſee *Talmai's* Court to night,
And bring moſt welcome newes to *Abſolon*.
I know ſaith *Joab* well, what I have done:
This is a *project* of mine own deviſing,
To pleaſe the ſetting Sun, as well as riſing;
Nothing more pleaſing is to *Davids* mind,
No ſervice more the Princes heart can bind,
Nor to King *Talmai* be more acceptable,
Who will us gratifie as he is able.
What's he? ſaith *Abiſhai*, a petty King,
Saith *Joab*, here on *Gilead* bordering:

Great *Hadadezar* was Lord *Paramount*,
And here did but as *Tributaries* count
These *lesser Kings*, till we at *Helam* slew
His *Captain*, and his *Army* overthrew.
Since that they all are *servants* to our *King*,
(Except old *Talmai*) and him Presents bring.
But night encroacheth now so on the day,
They leave their talk and look unto their way,
By which that night to *Geshurs Court* they come,
Most welcome to the *King* and *Absalom*:
For this was their *Ambassage* from the King,
The *young-man* to *Hierusalem* to bring.

THE

THE FOURTH BOOKE.

Israel rebelling.

SOL had no sooner *harnessed* his *horse*,
Rejoycing, *Giant-like*, to run his course,
His longest journey frō the *East* to *West*,
When *Talmai*, who that night took little rest,
(So were his thoughts ta'ne up, and fil'd with care,
For's Grand-child *Israels* apparant *heire*,
And plotting both their powers to combine,
To subject to *one head* all *Palestine*)
To his Bed-side did send for *Absolon*,
And as a *Father* counsels thus his *sonne*.
Besides thy *royall birth*, and *riper age*,
Thy *strength of wit* and *goodly personage*,
With *vertues* all, which fit a man to raigne,
And with the people *love* and *favour* gaine,

Thou

Thou haſt in *higheſt Courts* of *Kings* been bred,
And learn'd how *ſubjects* ſhould be governed:
And howſoe're thou now liv'ſt baniſht from
Thy *Fathers preſence*, and thy *royall home*,
Yet lo, the peoples votes thee all deſigne,
Great *Judahs King* and *Lord of Paleſtine*:
The chiefeſt *Arts* we have in *Courts* to riſe,
Is *ſilence* and *diſſembling injuries*,
Acknowledging for *favours* all *diſgraces*,
And giving for them *thanks* with *ſmiling faces*,
Yea, Kings muſt oft (I know to whom I ſpeak thus)
Give way and ſmile at wrongs, or they will break us.
They that will curb their *Peers* and *peoples* factions,
Muſt look eſpecially to their *firſt actions*,
For nought ſo ſure eſtabliſheth a Crowne,
As *then* to merit *honour* and *renown*:
For ſuch is ay the peoples waywardneſſe,
They meaſure Princes *vertues* by *ſucceſſe*.
Of all we moſt obnoxious are to hate,
Such multitudes for us inſidiate,
Our *neareſt kindred*, *ſervants*, *wives* and *friends*,
Pretending ſervice but to have their ends,
Amongſt all none ſo baſe pernicious are,
As th'impudent *diſſembling flatterer*,
A *cloſe infection in a royall houſe*,
And to the *King* and *State* moſt dangerous,
Beginning ſoon as they begin their dayes,
For all are taken with immoderate praiſe,
Yea in their *cradle* they are rock'd together;
No *King* but on this *Lime-buſh* leaves a *feather*.
Oh! 'tis at Court a gainfull occupation,
To pry into their Princes inclination,

And what they find them covet and desire,
That always to commend most and admire;
To have their *words* and *actions* ever lin'd,
Just by the *square* they finde their King inclin'd,
Be it to *lust*, *excesse*, or *covetise*,
These *Brokers* will new *tricks* for them devise:
Most infamous foul *greedinesse of gain*
They stile *good thrift*, and *caring for the main*:
The infectious presidents of *filthy theft*
Sweet gentle *Courtship*, and the *tolls* unjust
Kings raise for *fewell* to their *prodigality*,
Are gloriously intitled *Liberality*.
They take all lets out of the wayes that lead,
To base desires, by shame prohibited.
Thus they all seeds of vertue seek to choke,
And cover over *vice* with *vertues* cloke;
So as should *heavens* to *Kings* no *larger heart*
Than to the *common people* here impart,
How should they quite themselves of these diseases,
Which now by *custome* common grown, so pleases:
For deep wise *prudent Counsellors* of state,
That find *reproofs* procure them only hate,
Distinguish *private vices* of a King,
From publike errours in administring,
And looking to the *Kingdomes government*,
Avoid all *private means* of discontent,
He that will men in due subjection bind,
Must, as the *body*, so command the *mind*.
The *King* and *Priest* here acts his severall part,
One guides the *hand*, the other rules the *heart*,
Do never such sharp *penall Lawes* compose,
If you their *consciences* leave free and loose,

The *people* will them desperately pervert,
Religion is the onely *ruling Art*,
And holds upon the *mind* for *better tye*,
Than *feare* of any *pain* or *penalty*:
See it but in our *meates* of *flesh* and *fish*,
No *Law* makes them one day forbeare a *dish*,
But let *devotion* bid a *yearly Fast*,
All will *abstain*, though *forty dayes* it last,
No *humane Edict* but a *Law* diving,
Could make your *Jewes abstain* from *flesh of Swine*:
You see how here I my discourse apply
To yours, not to my own Church policy.
Wisely advis'd, saith *Absolon*, to raigne,
But how, my Lord, shall I the Kingdome gain,
For *Israels* Crown not as thy *Gesture* goes
To th'eldest son, but's at the Kings dispose,
And I have many causes just to feare,
This last born son is to the King so deare,
I of my *birth-right* shall be dispossest,
Except I in the *peoples favour* rest,
The peoples grace, saith *Talmai*'s but a blast,
A *vapour* that doth like a *bubble* last,
Up suddenly of *wind* and *water* blown,
And with another *blast* as quickly flown,
Thou by *such breath* maist *rise* up, but canst stand
No longer than thou serve to their command;
They follow head-long after *novelty*,
By *pride* seduced or *simplicity*,
The *proud* are heads and *authors* of the *faction*,
The *simpler* but the *hands* and *feet* of *action*:
They both alike ambitiously dissent,
From *Rules* of *Church* and *civill Government*:

And

And alwayes will applaud a new deviser,
To seem than all their *Predecessors*, wiser:
And thus by *innovation* of things,
They would enforce *new Lawes* on *Gods* and *Kings*,
Admitting unto them no other measure
Of worship and obedience, than their pleasure:
Serve but their turn, thou shalt their *minion* be,
Crosse them, their *favour* as their censur's free,
Adventure not to *fly* upon these *wings*,
These are not made to *raise* but *pull down* Kings.
Oh but, my Lord, saith *Absolon*, a Crown
Cannot be taken up, till it be down,
And therefore I affect, to learn the Art
Of drawing *factious spirits* to my part,
Of whom, against the King, I may have need,
If he design *another* to succeed.
The way, saith *Achitophel*, *civill wars* to breed,
Let *Heavens*, not I, appoint one to succeed,
But if they so on thy *high fortunes* frown,
The *people* must be courted for a *Crown*,
Thou art to strive with all dexterity,
To *act* thy part as in a *Comedy*,
For few of them the *truth* from *errour* knows,
And nothing takes them more than *glittering shewes*,
Congies, *embracements*, *visits*, *salutations*,
Large promises, *faire speeches*, *commendations*;
If you with *reall blessings* them would please,
Provide *free trafficke*, *plenty*, *peace*, and *ease*,
They *war abroad* than *peace* will rather chuse,
May they sit *free* at *home* and heare *good newes*:
But most of all the *people* to content,
Be alwayes *blaming present government*,

To

To gaine a Crown, thou *early* must and *late*,
Observe all *suters* standing at the gate,
And where thou seest a *discontented brow*,
Embrace him, ask the causes, why and how?
Approve his cause, however good or bad,
A *factious spirit* nothing more will glad.
Oh say, thy matter's good, thou needst not feare,
If that the King would take the paines to heare:
But he doth *solace* with the *Queen* at *home*,
And ne're thinks to *depute* one in his roome:
I must confesse, my friend, it is not well,
Were I but made a *Judge* in *Israel*,
Your causes should be heard without delay,
And not as now put off from day to day,
That thou wert better suffer *injury*,
Than take such paines to *buy a remedy*.
Since I with *David* first joyn'd in Affinity,
I often have observ'd how your Divinity,
Prepares the people first to reverence,
And next them seasons with obedience;
Yea nothing more them right or wrong inclines,
Than as their Guides are sound or rash Divines:
Kings may command mens bodies as their head,
But peoples hearts are by their Prophets led.
And therefore as to *civill Government*,
So 'gainst *Church-orders* shew thy discontent;
No *Musick* is so sweet to *peoples* eare,
As *evill* of *Church-governours* to heare:
And if thou findst a *Levite* hot and young,
Of which but few, thou knowst, can hold their tongue
Of custome give him *countenance* and grace,
And mention thy *dislikes* when he's in place:

What

What then he heares thee and thy servants mutter,
He in th'*assemblies* openly will utter:
For which if he be *fined* as his due,
At Court soon for his *restitution* sue,
Where *want of years*, and *indiscretion* blame,
Thou of a *zealous Prince* shalt get the name:
It skils not if his cause be *good* or *bad*,
His *sufferings* will to his *credit* adde.
For all the *people* after him will run,
Commending highly all that thou hast done,
And say, O had our *Prince* the *Judges* place,
None but such *zealous men* should be in *grace*.
As when a *Company* desire to bring
Renown and *credit* to some *new-found Spring*,
They give it out the *water* is most sure
And *medecineable* for every *cure*,
Then *women*, *children*, *men*, and all that heare,
To drink *that water* travell far and neere,
In some it such a strong *conceit* doth breed,
They of *Diseases* cured are indeed:
And as when we erect an *Image* new
Of any *Deity*, to all the *crew*
We speak of, with their *offerings* thither flock,
And do their *homage* to a *stone* or *stock*,
Till *daily use* satiety doth bring
To men, both of the *Image* and the *Spring*.
So when the *parents* and neer *kinsfolk* bring
A *Levite* that at th'Altar scarce can sing,
With wondrous *wit* and *gravity* to preach,
Oh then, they all admire to heare him *teach*,
Yea giddy people run from far and nigh,
Whilst other neighbour Temples empty lye,

And

And by their *violence* and *strong conceit*,
Sublime his spirits to the very height,
Where he no longer can retain that grace,
Than till a *new one*, like *him* comes in place,
Then doth their *famous Prophets* honour fall,
And like the spring and Idol is in all.
Let a great man, *run riot*, *swagger*, *sweare*,
And for his *lust* and *pleasure* nothing spare,
If he familiarly himself acquaint
With such, they'l publish him to be a *Saint*.
These are good meanes, but I advise that thou
Invent unto thy self some *new-found vow*,
Be it the *vainest thing* thou canst devise,
They'l follow thee by droves to *sacrifice*:
As now you see them run most greedily,
To fasts maintain'd without authority,
Or t'heare a ratling shallow *Levite* prate,
Whose tongue is interdicted by the *State*:
Do but disgrace *old rules*, and fashion *new*,
Thou shalt their hearts go thee for ever glew,
For nothing doth the people so possesse,
As *humouring* their *spirituall wantonnesse*;
Nor can a *Prince* a *project* better *cloke*,
Than underneath a *Sacrifice of smoke*.
But now one tells the *King*, that *Joab* staid
For *Absolon*, and therefore humbly prai'd
Him haste to horse: So *Talmai* with a kisse,
And many blessings, doth his son dismisse
To *David*, who *confin'd* him to his place,
Nor might he come at Court to see his face:
And now that *private life* which wont him bring
Delight and solace, fitting for a King,

Is

Liev'n of *discontent* become the *mist*,
His *head* can onely on *Court pillowes* rest:
His *three years sojourning* in *Geshurs* Court,
Have made him loath all wonted *Country sports*,
He therefore sends for *Joab* him to bring,
Unto the *Court*, and *presence* of the King:
But *David* knowing well, that *men in place*
Encourage vice, if they *offenders* grace,
For twice twelve months would not endure to heare,
That *Absolon* should in his sight appeare,
'Tis well the *murderer* may save his *head*,
And not be *countenanc'd*, though *pardoned*.
In this so strict was *David* to his son,
That *Joab* dares not visit *Absolon*,
Untill he set on fire his field of graine,
So what *love* could not, *anger* did constraine,
And now was *Joab* more for *feare* than *love*
Compel'd, thus for his *son* the King to move:
Thou knowst two years are past since I, O King!
Thy son unto *Hierusalem* did bring,
When thou confind'st him to his *wonted place*,
Nor ever since wouldst let him see thy *face*,
I well perceiving 'twas against thy mind,
He should be grac'd and honour'd in this kind,
All *visits* have forborn, though oft required,
Till now lo! he my *Barly field* hath fired,
Lo, thus your *Grace* may see, I am compel'd
By *fire* unto his just requests to yeeld:
And yet indeed I finde thy *sons* desire,
To see his *Father*, hotter than the *fire*.
When I approacht his solitary gate,
I found him walking all disconsolate,

But

But soon as unto him my face appears,
His *heart* powres from his *eyes* a floud of *tears*,
And he begins, when thou me home didst bring,
I surely thought it would have pleas'd the King,
To have accepted me to former grace,
And that I should have serv'd before his face,
Else why should I from *Geshurs Court* have gone,
To live here solitary all alone?
Alas, what do I by my comming gaine,
If in this prison I confin'd remaine?
The *Sun* hath full five times fulfil'd his race,
Since I beheld my fathers cheerfull face:
O bring me once again into his sight,
And let him heare my *cause* and *judge* upright,
Then if I seem *unrighteous* in his eye,
I willing am for my *offence* to dye:
Lo *banishment* and *death* is much more light,
Than live *disgrac'd* out of my *Fathers sight*.
Thus *Joab* subtly warms the *melting heart*
Of longing *David*, whilst he doth impart
This *filiall affection* of his son,
And finds this *parly* hath the *fortresse* won.
As when an *enemy* besiegeth round
A *Castle*, which the *Captain* knows unsound,
Though at the first he valiantly pretend,
To hold the *Fort* out to the *sieges* end,
Yet if his *foe* him good *conditions* tenders,
He them *accepts*, and soon the *Fort* up renders:
So here the *King*, although for president,
He would not shew his heart once to relent
For *Absolon*, yet thinking he did find,
By *Joab*, how the *young-man* was inclin'd,

Lo

Lo his affections yeeld, and grow more strong;
Because he them dissembled had so long,
And therefore for him sends, and with a kisse
His pardon seales, for all that was amisse.
And now is *Absolon* as *great* as *faire*,
In hope now *Israels* apparent heire,
But as we evermore *proud mortalls* see,
In greater *danger*, in *prosperity*;
Then when adversity their *sailes* do scant,
And prudence more appears in store than want:
So is't with *Absolon* more surfetting
Of *Grace*, than with displeasure of a *King*,
Or of his former forraign *banishment*,
Great spirits loath all moderate content:
For though in *humane judgement* none indeed,
So likely was his *Father* to succeed,
If his ambition could it self contain,
Till age a period gave to *Davids* raign,
And that the Crown had fall'n to him by course,
Which now he sought to seize upon by force,
Yet his aspiring mind, impatient,
That time should thrust 'twixt him and his content,
Begins ev'n now to travell with ambition,
That never finds lest stay or intermission
Of pains and throws, till like the vipers seed,
In comming forth it leaves the mother dead.
And now the rules of *State* old *Talmai* read,
By him in *Judahs* Court are practised,
And (like *lusts* stinking flame that all perverts,)
He first takes peoples *eyes* and next their *hearts*.
Unwonted pompe and shews of splendour bright,
That us'd to take the peoples favour light,

Are

Are with all *State-magnificence* prepar'd,
Lo, fifty foot attend him for his *Guard*,
His *Charrets* thunder, and his *horses feet*,
Most proudly trample up and down the street,
And all *Jerusalem* and *Judah* ring,
With *daily triumphs* of their *hopefull King*,
Their *eyes* and *tongues* intangled thus in snares,
He likewise fetters for their hearts prepares.
He rising early standeth by the gate,
And for each *suter* is an *Advocate*,
His *eare* all *causes* heares, his *tongue* doth flatter,
Couldst thou be heard my friend good is thy matter,
His hand even like his tongue still courting is,
His lips salute the meaneſt with a kisse,
And nothing gives him cause of discontent,
But this the presens state and government,
That is by him as deeply censured,
As all his Clients causes flattered.
Thus as a Theef that breaketh in by night,
(For these heart-stealers alwayes shun the light)
Layes hold on every thing that he can get,
(And all is fish to them that comes to net)
Ne'r pondering the weighty from the light,
No more had he respect to wrong or right,
For being crept at that by-window in,
Their hearts he seeks to steal away, not win.
Alas how little silly people knows,
Right to distinguish truth from glosing shows,
All is not gold, good friends, that glisters bright,
No naturall colour shows like painted white;
And now nought wants but some religious Cloke,
To keep the fier cover'd, lest it smoke,

The

The *trechery* of an *ungracious son*,
Must have his warrant from *Religion*:
The *vow* he made in *Syria* must be paid,
And so it shall, for there the *plot* was laid,
How he the peoples hearts should steal away,
And, by *pretended vow*, the King betray.
Thus *Hypocrites* mock God to have their *ends*,
And *fairest fact* the *faireſt meanes* pretends.
But nothing more could pleaſe the Fathers mind,
Than ſo *devout* a *holy ſon* to find
Return'd from *Geſſur*, that *idolatrous* Court,
Where they of *true Religion* make a ſport:
Yet whilſt he bowes his knees, and humbly prayes
God to accept that *ſacrifice of praiſe*
At *Hebron*, where he firſt began to raign,
When *Saul* and's ſons on *Gilboa* were ſlain,
His ſon is there projecting to caſt down
From's Fathers *royall head*, th'*imperiall Crown*:
His *double guilt* of *feigned piety*,
Such *grace* and *favour* wan in ev'ry eye,
That lo, two hundred *howeſt meaning men*,
Go with the *Traytor* from *Hieruſalem*.
True hearted *Iſraelites*, whoſe juſt intents
Are ſound and good, as is your conſcience,
Poore ſilly Sheep, you right go, ſtraitray,
Juſt as your Guides direct you in the way.
Beware of them that holy vowes pretend,
But have, like *Abſolon*, a wicked end,
That under promiſe of reforming things,
Do reach at Crowns and dethroniſing Kings.
Nought better than their fruits no you will ſhow them,
Yet take theſe ſpeciall marks whereby to know them;

They

They alwayes with the times are discontent,
Still blaming States and Churches government,
Kings, Nobles, Judges, Priests and Rulers all,
Without respect within their censure fall;
Whose faults are greater in perspective shown,
But all must cover'd be that are their own.
They have an open greedy itching eare,
No time nor hands to practise what they heare:
Oh! propheſying is the onely thing,
No duty elſe they know to God or King.
Well-minded people, heed well what you do!
Beware how you with ſuch to *Hebron* go,
To offer ſacrifice, which they oft ſeaſon
With high contempts, rebellion and treaſon.
And now the Prophet's tuning ſweeteſt *Layes*,
Unto his God and Saviours endleſſe praiſe;
When lo! a Meſſenger comes trembeling,
And thus begins, God ſave my Lord the King,
The hearts of all the men of *Judah* are
Turn'd after *Abſolon*, theſe eares did heare
The Trumpets ſound, the people cry amain,
In Hebron, Abſolon as King doth reigne:
And further he hath ſent out ſpies to tell
The ſame to all the *Tribes* of *Iſrael*.
In fine, the *Politition* ſubtly wiſe,
Whilſt he in *Gilo* offer'd ſacrifice,
A wicked ſacrifice as did thy ſon,
Is ſent to, for to come to *Abſolon*.
Oh my *Liege Lord!* this hath been plotting long,
Achitophels conſultations are ſtrong;
For ſtill the people want and more increaſe,
With *Abſolon*, the *mirrhy of peace*.

Ah, saith the King, then all of us must flye,
If we within the *City* stay, we dye:
For lo, the people *ignorant* and *rude*,
The violent *unbridled multitude*,
Like *waves of raging seas* do *ebbe* and *flow*,
When neither *we* nor *they* the *cause* know:
Resist their *fury*, it will hotter burn,
Give way, it like the *tide* will *back return*,
They that cry loudest, *Absolon* doth raign,
May be the first will bring us home again:
Vaine popular ay like a *shadow* flyes,
From them that *follow* her, and as fast hy's
To them that shun her, who speed best of all,
Catch but an empty *shadow* with a *fall*.
Thus was the *King* out of the *City* sent,
And all the *Country* mourned as he went,
The *Ark* and *Priests* and all accompani'd
The *King* with teares unto the *Rivers* side:
When thus the King to *Ittai*, Ancient friend,
The *son of mine own bowells* seeks mine end,
Why shouldst thou me from *Gath* accompany,
And so partake of my *calamity*?
Now must I wander out, and God doth know,
Were I shall return again or no.
The greatest *gift* I to my *friends* can give,
Is license to depart from me and live:
When *Ittai* thus: My dearest *Lord* and *King*,
Oh force not on me such dishonouring,
To leave a *King* in *danger* merits blame,
But to *forsake* a *friend*, *eternall shame*,
With thee I am resolv'd to live and dye,
To suffer thus is no calamity.

Thus *Ittai* past the *ford*, when to the King
The *Priests* and *Levites* th' *Ark* of God did bring,
To whom he thus: Reduce into his place
This *holy Arke*, if after I find *grace*
With God *Almighty*, he again will bring
Me hither to behold this *holy thing*,
But if in me he cannot take delight,
Do he with me as seemeth in his sight:
This he to all: To *Zadock* then alone,
He thus begins with tears to make his moan,
Most *reverend Priest*, *grave*, *wise*, *religious*,
The *Mediator* 'twixt our *God* and *us*,
Yet art thou but a *Type*, though *Arons* son,
The true *high Priest* and *Substance* is to come:
I know th' *Arks presence*, and thy *gracious sight*,
Would better us *encourage* to the fight,
And all our *wars* have been most prosperous,
Where *Levites* carried the *Ark* with us.
But I resolve now not to trouble them,
You shall return all to *Jerusalem*,
These *holy things* to thee committed are,
That thou of *Gods true worship* shouldst have care,
Serve him, yet shew thy *duty* to the King,
Which thou maist best do, by discovering
The plots of wicked-wise *Achitophel*,
Which knowing, I the better may repell.
Thou seest these *Politicians* devise,
To *cloke* their *treasons* under *sacrifice*.
Lo, both their *vowes* religiously must pay,
At *Hebron* and at *Gilob* on a day.
For both the things, which they have vow'd, are one,
To put down *Gods anoynted* from his *Throne*.

Thou that the secrets of mans heart dost sound,
Their *hypocriticall device* confound,
And as they do thy *holy Rites* uprophane,
So make their worldly wisdome fooliſh, vain,
The *holy Biſhop* whoſe pure *chryſtall teares*,
Shine in his *eyes* like Diamonds on his *cares*,
Makes no reply, but to the City tends,
Whilſt *David*, weeping up the *Mount* aſcends
Bare footed, with his head all covered,
Yea all the people wept, and hid their head:
Where ſoon as *David* had done worſhipping,
Huſhai the *Archite* comes unto the King,
With garments torn, and earth upon his head:
To whom the King, ſhould I thee with me lead,
Thou wilt be but a burthen on the way,
But if thou go to *Abſolon*, and ſay,
I to thy *Father* I have been, O King!
A faithfull *Senator* in counſelling,
So will I be a *ſervant* to his *ſon*,
Thou thus maiſt me advertiſe how to ſhun
The cunning projects of *Achitophel*,
Who, *noble Huſhai*, thou remembreſt well,
Hath by his *tongue* and *practiſes unjuſt*,
Rais'd up himſelf to honour from the duſt.
Thou knowſt I made him for his *eloquence*,
Or rather his *unſhilfull impudence*,
The *Steward* of my private *ſtate* and *Crown*,
Where he ſo cloſe all under his long *gown*
Convey'd, and's fingers lickt by tricks unknown,
He purchaſeth a City for his own,
I rais'd him to my *higheſt judgment Seat*,
Where finding him for me too *potent great*,

And his proceedings *hollow* and *unsound*,
Projecting crosse to all I did propound,
I thought it fit to ease him of his place,
Which taking for an undeserv'd disgrace,
He ever since to crosse my best intents,
My people humours in their discontents;
And as he at the first had learn'd the *Arts*,
To take their *purses*, now he catcheth hearts:
And winds their *suffrages* as in a string,
They *please* the people *best*, that *crosse* the *King*.
None e're was more for my prerogative,
So long as by it he could *rise* or *thrive*;
But soon as he to his high pitch was *flown*,
None ever labor'd more to beat it down:
Not that I would *for gain*, by *flatteries*,
Trench on my meanest subjects *liberties*,
Who never duly will our *Lawes* observe,
Except *Kings* by *example* them preserve,
In making them our *subjects* rule and measure,
And not our own, or *Judges* will and pleasure,
For *Lawes* come all from purest *Justice streame*,
And *peoples safety* is the *Law supreme*,
But this must *shadowed* be from peoples eyes,
Who if they *feare* not Kings them soon despise.
My dearest, honest *Counsellor of State*,
Thou seest they make *Religion* but a *bait*
To catch my people, and betray their King,
Oh! therefore help me in discovering
Their most *flagitious treasons*, and confound
Achitophels devises most profound.
With thee is *Zadock* and *Abiathar*,
To whom discover all that thou canst heare,

They by their ſons to me the truth will ſend,
That I may ſhun the evill they intend.
Thus by thy *Counſell* wiſe thou ſhalt defend
All theſe my people, and thy faithfull friend.
When *Huſhai* thus, the *Lawes* of every Nation,
Do chiefly tend to common preſervation
Of peoples health and ſafety, which depend
All on the King their head, whom to defend
VVe are oblig'd in this politicall,
As *members* in the body naturall,
And to their counſell wiſe ſubmit as they,
I therefore ſhall thy juſt commands obey.
Now up was *Iſrael* in *Armes* and *Lawes*,
Became as *tame* as ſleeping Lyons *pawes*,
For where *warres rage*, *Lawes execution* ceaſe,
Eſpecially when *Princes break the peace*.
And as the *Plague* that's in a *City* bred,
Doth over all the *Country* ſoon diſpread,
So ſpreads th'*infectious Leproſie of ſinne*,
If it amongſt the *Princes* firſt begin,
The *people fuell* to the *fire* bring
Of any *vice*, *enſampled by the King*.
Thus *Abſolons profound conſpiracy*,
Hath turn'd *plain-dealing* all to *policy*,
Now *faith* and *loyalty* are out of *faſhion*,
And *treaſon's* grown the only *occupation*:
When *Ziba* with two Aſſes ſadeled,
Laden with Raiſons, VVine, ripe fruits, and bread,
VVhich he for *David* and his men did bring,
Blames lame *Mephibooſheth* thus to the King.
Let me find grace and favour in thy ſight,
My gracious Lord, whilſt thou prepares to fight

For

For Soveraignty with *traitrous Absalom*,
Mephibosheth as *neuter* sits at home,
In hope when both have spent your strength and store,
The people will his right to him restore.
Then *Ziba*, said the King, thine be his lands,
God me deliver from *these Traytors* hands:
This like a cunning *curre* could closely *bite*
Yet never *barke*, and like a *Theef* by night
Purloin his *Masters living* and *good name*,
But *Shimei* dares thus openly defame
The King himself: Thou man of *Belial*,
Thou bloudy *murtherer* of the *house of Saul*,
God justly now shall bring upon thy head,
Ev'n all the *guiltlesse blood* which thou hast shed,
And give thy Kingdome to thy rebell son,
Which thou by wicked meanes from *Saul* hast won:
And more than *words*, he throweth *stones*, ev'n then
When *David* had about him all his men:
Yet would he not let *Abishai* go take
From him his head, though he did offer make,
But like an *humble sinner*, free from passion,
Deserving rather *pitty* and *compassion*,
Than now to be insulted over so,
When God for sin had humbled him so low,
Replyes thus gently, it to us belongs
Not to revenge, but meekly suffer wrongs,
Let us not punish him, but humbled be,
With *mourning*, *anger* cannot well agree:
Alas who knows, but that the Lord hath sent
Him here, to curse us for our chastisement?
Not that I *Shemei's malice* will excuse,
For that's *his own*, and though God doth it use

To

To punish past, or sinnes to come prevent,
It frees him not from *guilt* or *punishment*;
But I acknowledge all these *strokes* from *God*,
And therefore now will *kisse*, not *burn* the *Rod*:
The son of mine own *bowels* seeks my right,
And life; Then much more may this *Benjamite*,
With false reproaching *scandals* me defame,
It may be God will *blisse* me for this *shame*.
I that the *Speare* took from *Sauls* sleeping head,
And would not suffer thee to *smite* him *dead*,
And cut his *garments lap* off in the *cave*,
Am now reproach'd for *blood*, where *life* I gave;
Did not I cause th' *Amalekite* to fall,
Who brought me word that he had killed *Saul*,
And *Banaahs* and *Rechabs* bloud he shed,
When unto me they brought their *Masters head*?
Yea lame *Mephibosheth*, to rule unable,
Sits like a *Prince*, and eats at mine own Table.
I do confesse my *guiltinesse of blood*,
But for *Sauls house*, I ever did them good,
But *Davids* gentleneſſe and patience,
Emboldneth *Shimei* in his insolence,
So as he rails on, and for more disgrace,
Takes stones and dust to throw in *Davids* face.
Oh most incomparable patience!
A *King* to beare this *Subjects* insolence,
But *wrongs* are ne're so easily overcome,
As when we notice take *from whence* they come.
But now *Abimaaz* and *Jonathan*,
To *David* and the *host* all posting ran,
And wisht them all to passe the flood that night,

Before

Before they were constrained to the fight,
So all are past o're *Jordane* ere the day,
When *Jonathan* begins thus on the way,
No sooner did the *Priests* our *Fathers* bring,
The holy *Arke*, by thy command, O King,
From *Kedrons* Brook up to *Jerusalem*,
When thy son *Absolon* and all his men,
The men of *Judah* and of *Israel*,
The City entred with *Achi ophel*.
Oh how did *knees* then *bow* and *voyces ring*,
God save King Absolon, *God save the King*,
So *fond* of *new*, so made their *old* to *leave*,
As if all fail'd, they would *themselves deceive*.
But oh! I cannot but with *horror* tell,
The *hellish counsell* of *Achitophel*,
Who strongly to secure his part and *faction*,
Before he ran too farre into the *action*,
And lest upon a *filiall submission*,
Thou shouldst be reconcil'd, and grant remission:
Besides the *usurpation* of thy *State*,
He counsels him thy *bed* to *violate*,
That if *high Treason* could not make all sure,
Most *horrid incest* should his part secure;
For when they thy *ten Concubines* did find,
Which thou to keep thy house hadst left behind,
He counsell gave to spread an *open Tent*,
Upon thy houses *highest Battlement*:
Where *Absolon* with ev'ry of them lyes,
Before the *Sun* and all the *people's eyes*:
Which *damned counsell*, and most *beastly spectac'e*,
They all *approve* ev'n as an *heavenly Oracle*.

Most

Most divelliſh plot, ſaith *David*, now I ſee
The danger of *Hells deepeſt policy*,
Where *wickedneſſe* and *wiſdome* both *combine*,
None can defend us, but a *power divine*.
In this *deepe plot* ſee how *Achitophel*,
Doth imitate the *Counſellor of Hell*,
Who gives like *counſell* unto every *ſon*
Of God, as here he puts on *Abſolon*,
To bring's paſt hope of reconciliation,
He thus inſidiates each mans inclination:
Can he but make us *Traitors* to *Heavens King*,
What *ſin's* ſo *foul* but he on us will bring?
From *eaſe* to *ſloth*, from *ſloth* to *foul exceſſe*,
From thence to *luſt*, from *luſt* to *wantonneſſe*,
Inceſt, *Adultery*, and *Homicide*,
Which at the firſt we ſeek to cloke and hide,
But grown in time, by *cuſtome*, paſt all ſhame,
Upon our houſes tops the ſame proclaime.
O *ſubtile Polititian*, *wicked fool*
Achitophel! taught in an *Atheiſts* School:
Can one that thinks of God, that judgeth right,
Hope by ſuch crimes to proſper in his ſight?
Thou either thinkſt there is no God of might,
Or elſe reſolv'ſt with Satan his deſpight;
But he that in the heaven above doth raign,
Thee ſcornes, and thine imaginations vain:
Thy *helliſh counſell*, and this *filthy luſt*,
Serve but to execute his *judgements juſt*:
I *cloſely* did by *luſt* my God offend,
He payes me *openly* what I did lend.
I *priuily* my *Subject* did betray,

My

My *Son* acts *treason* in the *open day*:
Profoundest depth; the Almighties sapience,
Thus turns our *sins* into *just punishments*,
Yet leaves th'*offenders* without all excuse,
Their *malice* is their own, his but the use.
Oh that my *Absolon*, my Son would yet
Return, I all offences would forget,
For I have many more than these committed
Against my God, yet hath he all remitted,
And though the *Divill* like *Achitophel*,
Had almost plung'd me in the *jawes of Hell*,
And so provok'd my *Fathers indignation*,
There was small hope of *reconciliation*,
Yet I no sooner did *repent* and *pray*,
But God repli'd, thy *sinnes* are done away.
Oh *high exceeding riches* of his *Grace*,
Which all his *works* in heaven and earth surpasse!
As *Absolon* this wickednesse hath done,
In sight of *men*, of *Angels*, and the *Sun*,
So adde we *sin* to *sin*, till *past all shame*,
On houses *highest tops* we them *proclaim*:
Should each mans *secret sinnes* be seen to other,
Alas! who would indure to see his *Brother*.
But all of them are open in his eye,
Yet he, to save us, is content to dye,
And at the *time appointed* will be *slain*,
Mean while th'*innocent Lamb* endures the pain.
Oh who can mind that *Lambs* sweet *patience*,
And not remit *all wrongs* without offence.
Then *David* pour'd out such a *flood of teares*,
His servants all lament, not one forbeares,

For

For as a *stone* in midst of water thrown,
Makes *circle* after *circle* till 'tis grown
So large, it opens ev'n from *side* to *side*:
Ev'n so did *Davids lamentations* slide
Through all the *Camp*, that *Jonathan* forbeares
His farther speech, and joynes with *Davids teares*.

THE
FIFTH
BOOKE.

THE

THE FIFTH BOOKE.

Abithophel hanging.

OH that ſo impious an *Achitophel*,
Should *counſell* in the Court of *Iſrael*!
So wiſe a *Senator* to ſuch a *King*,
Should end his dayes ſo fondly in a *ſtring*.
See what becoms of *wiſdom* without *grace*,
And *compaſſing bad ends* by *vices baſe*,
They through the wayes of blindeſt error tend,
And like to their beginning have an end.
And now the King repreſſed had his teares,
When *Jonathan* begins thus to his eares:
Soon as the *villain* had by this deviſe,
Made *Abſolon* thus odious in thine eyes,
Lo he invents a *ſecond policy*,
Thus to ſecure a *ſudden victory*.

Chuſe

Chuse me, saith he, twelve thousand men to fight,
And I will set upon the *King* this night,
All wearied now, he with so weak a hand,
Cannot our unexpected force withstand:
I will *amaze* his *host*, and smite the *King*,
And home in peace to thee thy people bring.
Pernicious counsell! who did this prevent?
Saith *David*, had my son *twelve thousand* sent
Against us, when we lay on th'other side
Of *Jordan*, I and all my *host* had di'd:
We then were unprepar'd, faint, wearied,
Our courage danted, and our spirits dead.
Thy *Son* and *Elders* all of *Israel*,
Saith *Jonathan*, did like *this Counsell* well,
But *Hushai* thy old *favorite* and *friend*,
Came unto *Absolon*, and did pretend
To do him service, and thus bowing prayes,
God grant the King long life and happy dayes.
Is this thy kindnesse, saith he, thou dost show
Unto thy friend, why didst not with him go?
My Lord, saith *Hushai*, thou this day shalt prove,
That I the *King* did more than *David* love,
For with the man, *God* and the *people* give,
By voyce this *Kingdome*, I resolve to live,
And be his servant, if thou please to grace
Me so, that I may stand before thy face,
The service I with *David* have begun,
Shall be continued to the King his son.
Thus to such trust he with the King is grown,
He makes his secret counsell to him known,
Amongst the rest this of *Achitophel*,
Which he as *politiquely* did refell.

My

My gracious Lord, ſaith *Huſhai*, 'tis a thing
Of higheſt wiſdome to adviſe a King,
But now ſo deep a *Counſellor of State*
Hath gone before, it doth me more amate.
Achitophels adviſe is alwayes *prime*,
Yet not to be allowed at this time.
Thou knowſt thy Father and his men be ſtrong,
And have in warres been exerciſed long,
Who neither *weary* nor *weak-handed* are,
But chafed like a *fierce* and *angry Beare*
Rob'd of her *whelps*: Beſides thy Father's wiſe,
Moſt expert in all warlike exerciſe,
And will not with his men lodge in the plain,
Lo, many *caves* and *holes* do yet remain,
Which were his *haunts*, when in the *wilderneſſe*
Saul ſought him and his Army to oppreſſe.
From whence he on a ſudden will affright
Thy men, ſome killing, putting ſome to flight:
So ſhall a rumour ſtreight abroad be blown,
That thou and all thy hoſt be overthrown.
The King hath oft been prov'd too ſtrong to yeeld,
Thou never trid'ſt *thy fortune* in the *field*,
Be well prepar'd in thy firſt enterpriſe,
For thereby doth thy *credit* fall or riſe;
The *people* ebbe and flow ev'n like the tide,
And ever fall unto the ſtronger ſide,
Like *drunken men* they to and fro do *reel*,
And change as oft as *Fortune* turns her *wheel*.
I therefore do adviſe, whilſt thou doſt ſtand
In *Grace*, with all the people of the Land;
(For who is he, that if thou doſt but ſay,
Come to mine aid, but will thy word obey)

Thou

Thou *muſter* all the people in the Land,
From *Dan* even to *Berſheba*, like the ſand;
And that thou forth in perſon go to fight,
Thus will we come againſt him, with ſuch might;
And multitudes: wee'l ſet upon him all,
Thick as the dew upon the graſſe doth fall:
And if he get within a walled Town,
We will with ropes pull all the City down,
Not ſuffering a ſtone upon a ſtone,
Of all his men we will not leave him one:
By theſe devices *Huſhai* did reſell
The dangerous counſell of *Achitophel*:
Which though for *beſt* the *Elders* do approve,
Yet *Huſhai's* more the *King* and *people* move.
Oh ſure, ſaith *David*, God would thus confound,
By *weake*, the *Counſels politicke*, *profound*,
He will me re-eſtabliſh in my *Throne*,
And overthrow the plots of *Abſolon*.
Lo *Huſhai* ſhew'd himſelf a faithfull friend,
And brought to paſſe the thing we did intend;
But how did you theſe counſels underſtand?
Huſhai, ſaith *Jonathan*, them out of hand,
Unto the *Prieſts* our fathers cloſe convai'd,
Who gave us notice of them by a *Maid*.
And *Ahimaaz* lay in a *Well*,
Neere to the City, called *En-Rogell*,
To which a *Maid* (as if ſhe went for water)
Comes and enformeth us of all the matter:
Into the *City* durſt we not adventure,
For no man might come *out*, that *in* did enter;
Yet could we not this thing ſo cloſely hide,
But we were by a *young-man* both deſcri'd,

Who telling it to *Abſolon* the King,
He ſervants ſent us back again to bring:
But as we had before at *En-Rogell*,
So at *Baburim* lay we in a Well,
Upon whoſe mouth a good old woman ſpred
Ground Corn, that ſo we might be covered:
And when the ſervants of King *Abſalom*,
Inquir'd of her, what was of us become,
Like that good *Rahab*, which did hide the ſpies,
To ſave us, ſhe excuſes did deviſe,
When therefore they had ſearch'd and nothing found,
They back return'd, we came out ſafe and ſound,
And haſted hither thee this newes to bring,
That thou mightſt know the danger of the King:
For who doth know but wiſe *Achitophel*,
May win thy ſon and men of *Iſrael*,
To take his counſell, and thee follow faſt,
Before that thou hadſt over *Jordan* paſt?
Whilſt *Jonathan* yet ſpeakes, one comes to tell
Another *project* of *Achitophel*,
Who ſeeing *Huſhai's counſell* highly priz'd,
And that *his own*, though better, was deſpis'd,
Rides hom on's ſadled Aſſe, and in deſpight,
The King ſuch *Oracles profound* ſhould ſlight,
His houſe and family firſt ordered,
His dayes ev'n with a halter finiſhed,
And was interred in his fathers grave;
Such end, ſaith *David*, wicked *Traytors* have,
Their worldly *wiſdom* is to *folly* brought,
And, with their *breath*, their *thoughts* all com to nought:
This man that able was to rule a *State*,
His *furious paſſions* cannot moderate,

And

And he that for the *publike* was ſo wiſe,
Now like a *wicked fool* turns mad and dyes.
Thus whilſt he ſtrives for *wiſdomes higheſt roome*,
He falls into *extreameſt follies doome*:
This is the *life* of all, and this their *end*,
That here on *worldly wiſdome* do depend:
Wiſdome and *folly* ay their life attend,
And them accompany even in their end,
They *Cities* can in *peace* and *wealth* maintain,
But let ther *hearts* be *irreligious vain*;
Their worldly *ſtates*, they like *Achitophel*
Can order, but their *ſoules* let hang in *hell*.
Vain wiſdome! that doth ſo our *thoughts* moleſt
Abroad, not caring what is in our *breſt*,
Fond fool, *in order thus his houſe* to ſet,
And both his *ſoul* and *body* to *forget*.
But *Huſhai's* counſell now is followed,
And all the men of *Iſrael* muſtered
By *Abſolon*, in number like Sea-ſands,
The *fouleſt Treaſons* want no *helping hands*:
For as at firſt a *little ball of ſnow*,
By turning oft, doth *great* and *greater* grow,
Till it unto ſo huge a heap doth riſe,
There many dayes it after melting lies:
Ev'n ſo this *Traitor*, who at firſt began
With thoſe two hundred men, who with him ran
To *Hebrons ſacrifice*, in time is grown
To mighty heaps, and multitudes unknown,
Who over *Jordan* now do paſſe with him,
Ev'n as the King comes to *Mehanaim*:
And now lo, both theſe mighty armies lye
In *Gileads* Plaines, reſolv'd the day to try,

Where *Amasa* by *Absolon* is made
The Captain of the hoſt, in *Joabs* ſtead;
But he that was expel'd from houſe and home
By his own people, and ſon *Absolon*,
Now findes *abroad* all duty and reſpect,
God never *his* doth *finally* neglect:
For as *Gods Angels* at *Mehanaim* met,
Good *Jacob* with his enemies beſet,
Esau before his face, *Laban* behind,
And miniſtred ſweet comforts to his mind,
So there an *hoſt of men* come to the King,
And earthen veſſels, Beds, and Baſins bring,
Beanes, Barly, Lentiles, Flowre, parcht Corn & Wheat,
Cheeſe, Hony, Butter, Sheep, and Beeves to eat:
The *ſon* of that diſcourteous *Ammonite*,
That *Davids Legates* did ſo foule deſpight,
And *Machir* of *Lodebar*, who was all,
Till lately, to advance the *houſe of Saul*,
(For there was lame *Mephiboſheth* maintain'd,
Who ſole of *Jonathan* alive remain'd)
With old *Barzillai* that rich *Gileadite*,
Where *Iſhboſheth* ſo long maintain'd his right,
Did all theſe things abundantly ſupply,
To Princely *David* and his company.
For they were weary in the wilderneſſe,
Faint, hungry, thirſty, and in great diſtreſſe.
Oh who doth know the happineſſe of *Reſt*
And *Peace*, but they whom *civill warres* infeſt!
Where *beating of the Drums*, and *Trumpets ſounds*,
Are like the *dreadfull callings* of the *hounds*,
When in the morning they the *fearefull heare*,
In *open field*, do *ſummon* to appeare:

Who

Who thinks each bush she sees, stands to belay her,
And every one she meets, comes to betray her.
Most direfull are *th'effects* of *civill warres*,
Where *son of his own loynes* no *father* spares,
Brother embrewes his hands in *bloud of Brother*,
And *deare st friends* do *butcher one another*.
One by an Engine *bullets* casts and *stones*,
Wherewith he breaks his *wives* and *childrens bones*:
Whilst they cast *stones* down from the *City wall*,
Which on their *husbands head* or *parents* fall:
Here *servants* for the duty, which they owe
Their *masters*, pay them with a mortall blow;
And they are paid for wages, from their master,
With broken pates, which never need a plaster.
Here *Kings* whom duty bindeth to *defend*
Their *subjects*, seek their *ruine* and their *end*:
And *subjects* count it *honour*, *law*, and *right*,
Against their *Soveraigns dreaded face* to fight,
All is with *horrible confusion* fill'd,
Farmes uninhabited, their *Lands* untill'd,
Their *Kine*, whose Milk doth yeeld abundant food,
Suckle the *hungry Souldiers* with their bloud:
And *Shepheards* that the plaines all over stock,
Are glad to *save* their *lives*, and *lose* their *flock*.
All *Lawes* are *silent*, *Armes* do all in all,
And *strongest* put the *weakest* to the *wall*:
Like *savage beasts* their *fellowes* each assaile,
Where *strength* and *fury* 'gainst all *right* prevaile:
Like *Pikes in pond* the most of might and power,
Do all the other *underlings* devoure.
Here *heapes of bodies* lye *unburied*,
Here *Infants slain*, and *Virgins ravished*,

Nor

Nor is the *perill of the enemy*
More *dangerous* than *privie treachery*:
Where *great ones* ſeem to take their *Soveraigns parts*,
Yet cleave unto the *Rebels* with their *hearts*:
And therefore him unfaithfully adviſe,
Diſcloſing's *ſecrets* to his *Enemies*,
Amongſt ſuch *Traytors* good and loyall held,
More perill is at *home*, than in the *field*.
Theſe and a thouſand more calamities
Of *civill warres*, now th'*Hebrewes* miſeries,
And bred at firſt on this ſide *Jordanes floud*,
Are forded over now to *Ephraims wood*:
Which though *ambition* them at firſt begins,
God ſends for *ſcourges* of the *peoples ſins*.
But *Abſolon* that might no longer raign,
Than he the *peoples madneſſe* could maintain,
(Beſides he many of their hearts did find
From him unto the better part inclin'd)
March'd on, till both the *Armies* were in ſight,
On purpoſe to provoke the King to fight:
And *David*, who was ſtronger now become,
By many friends, that to his aid were come,
(It thinking foule *diſhonour* for a *Crown*,
To be *beſieged* in a *walled Town*,
Caus'd *Joab* draw his men out of the gate,
That he might view them all, there as he ſate:
Where he appoints ſome *Captaines* over ten,
Some over hundreds, ſome a thouſand men:
For all, or moſt part, of his *old Commanders*,
To follow *Abſolon* had left his *ſtandards*.
When *Ittai*, *Davids* prudent faithfull friend
Begins, *my Lord*, ſtay here, thy ſervants ſend

Againſt theſe *Rebels*, for our King to fight,
Why ſhould we hazard putting out our light?
What though ten thouſand of thy people fall?
Thy *life* is of more *value* than us all,
True-hearted Subjects more will every day,
Turn after thee, and fall from him away,
With which we'l *battail* after *battail* try,
Till *God* and our *good cauſe* give victory.
When thus the King: *Joab* and *Abiſhai*,
And *Ittai* you are men, on whom this day,
My *life*, my *Kingdom*, and my *State* relies,
And therefore I will do as you adviſe:
The Army order as you ſhall think fit,
To each of you a third part I commit,
Let *Joabs* might for our *main battail* ſtand,
Ittai and *Abiſhai*, the *wings* command.
But good my friends, remember *Abſolon*,
Forget not that he is your *Soveraigns ſon*,
Intreat the *young-man* gently for my ſake,
On's *youth* and my gray *haires* ſome pitty take;
This charge he in the gate, with many teares,
Gave all the *Captaines* in the *peoples* eares.
But *Abſolon*, who found the people totter,
And waver like the *Seas* unſtable water,
And that the Tribes on this ſide *Jordans flood*,
(Who for the King more than the *Rebels* ſtood)
Reſolv'd to dye, all in the Kings defence,
Againſt his *ſons rebellious inſolence*,
Rais'd on his *Mule*, and arm'd in war-like faſhion,
To all his Army utters this *Oration*:
My *friends* and *fellow-ſouldiers*, not mine own
Content, or private *coveting the Crown*,

Me caus'd these *Armes* and *Weapons* up to take,
But for the *publike profit* and *your sake*:
Alas! you know, how *brave* and *plenteously*,
I might have liv'd, in all *prosperity*,
Grace, honour, credit, glory, and *renown*,
Nought wanting, but the *dangers of a Crown*;
Of which, *succession* made me not so *sure*,
As all your *votes* and *wishes* did *secure*.
But this your *favour* to the *rising Sun*,
Which by my *love* and *care* of you I won,
Was made *high treason* by these, to the King,
Who of the *State* have all the *managing*,
Whose *tirannous oppressions* should I name,
I should lay ope mine *own*, and *Fathers shame*.
For such do *rule the King*, that are not able
To *rule themselves*, a thing intollerable.
This must be righted: I you hither bring
To fight against *these Tyrants*, not the *King*;
'Tis *yours*, and not *my cause*, for which we fight,
I only lend my *counsell, strength*, and *might*.
My *friends* and *kinsmen*, I you all leave free,
Go on which side you most desire to be,
Some *tyranny* account a *benefit*,
So they at home in *peace* may quiet sit,
And rather had the *heaviest burthens* beare,
Than *noise* of *Drums* and *Trumpets sounding* heare:
Such wish I to their *Cities* soon return:
But you *brave friends*, whose hearts do inly burn
With *zeal* and *hate*, 'gainst publike tyrannies,
And seek to vindicate these injuries,
Whom by your *faces brave alacrity*,
I easely from base *Cowards* can descry:

As

As with *brave courage* you with me *remain*,
With me as *victors* you ſhall ever *raign*:
Whilſt they whoſe *harts* them *fail* for *cowardiſe*,
Shall lye and groan ſtill under *tyrannies*.
As *Moſes* led you by a *mighty hand*,
From *bondage* of a *cruell Lord* and *Land*,
So come I up, reſolv'd to ſet you free,
From all *oppreſſions*, *wrongs* and *tyranny*.
The juſtneſſe of our cauſe ſhall us acquite,
But you that are ſo *miſerably light*,
Again for *Ægypts fleſh-pots* to return,
Though you their *Brick* and *Lime* for ever burn,
Return, I ſay, and live in your own *City*,
Your *lightneſſe* merits not ſuch *blame* as *pitty*.
Since I return'd from *Geſhur* to this *Court*,
I view'd your grievances of every ſort;
Tell me to which of all your *cauſes* here,
I have not lent an *underſtanding eare*,
Your *ſuits* were *good*, but either none there were
Deputed of the King your *plaints* to heare,
Or elſe the *Judges* wanted *time* and *leaſure*,
All muſt attend from *Term* to *Term* their plea.ure.
Oh! there is no more *gainfull occup.tion*
Than *Law*, in practiſe with the *Jewiſh Nation*:
Clerks, *Patrons*, *Proctors*, *Lictors*, more abound,
Than *Merchants*, *Farmours*, *Souldiers*, can be found,
And whence live theſe, but on the *injuries*
Of you, my people, and your *miſeries*?
As *Winds* by *Conjurers* are oft up *blown*,
That *Conjurers* again may get them *down*:
So do theſe *Lawyers*, *ſuits* and *queſtions* raiſe,
Not for their *Clyents profit*, but their *praiſe*.

Nor

Nor will they them *diſmiſſe* with *little gain*,
For many ſuits *eternally* remain,
With ſo *great coſts*, as they that *overcome*,
Had better been *condemn'd* when they begun,
And ev'n as *Souldiers*, by *continuall jarres*,
Grow *ſenſeleſſe* of the *cruelty of warres*:
So *Lawyers* us'd to *wrongs* and *injuries*,
Compaſſionate no *Clyents miſeries*.
I cannot finde that all the *civill broiles*,
So much oppreſſe the *ſubject*, as the *toiles*
Men take, when they for *juſtice* ſue and *right*,
More ſafe in *field*, than at the *bar* to fight.
Have not ſome *Courts* yet in your *memories*,
Doubled againſt all *equitie* their *fees*,
As if they had no *table*, *law*, nor *taske*,
But you were bound to *pay* what they will *aske*:
Which *th'unlearn'd deskmen* to ſuch *ſtates* doth raiſe,
And leaves *Profeſſors* onely *place* and *praiſe*.
Theſe and more grievances I will redreſſe,
And make the *number* of your *Lawyers* leſſe,
Which, when they have no *place* to act their parts,
Will *ſtudy* other profitable *Arts*:
I will appoint for *pleadings* certain dayes,
And *Judges* to do *right* without *delayes*.
Yea many other *wrongs* I will reform,
The *Levites*, which your *conſciences inform*,
Shall take the *tenths* of all the ſoules they teach,
Where now *dumb Prieſts* have all, that never preach:
Your great *ones* now do only ſtand for *ſhow*,
And them that *beare the burthens* keep full *low*.
(Thus *peoples itching eares* the *Rebell* feaſts,
By rayling on their *Governors* and *Prieſts*)

A *trite* and *common way* to *palliate*
Rebellion, to traduce the *preſent State*,
That makes the people 'gainſt their *Rulers* riſe,
The *rude* and *ignorant* againſt the *wiſe*,
This makes the *commons ſide* againſt the *Peeres*,
The *worſt* of *ills*, the *utmoſt of our feares*.
But now the more t'encourage you to fight,
We war againſt the broken *Ammonite*,
Whom late you did with *Sawes* and *Harrows* teare,
And now aids *David* not for love, but feare.
Barzillai that rich ancient *Gileadite*,
Who comes with *wealth*, not *power* to the fight,
And *Machir* of *Manaſſes*, who do bring
Great ſtore of wealth and victualls to the King,
Will adde but little *honour* to the day,
But they will wondrouſly *increaſe the prey*.
For ſince the *Tribes* on *Jordans* other ſide,
Stand for our *right*, and *theſe* from us *divide*,
Well may we all their *goods* and *Cattels* take,
And *preys* of all their *Towns* and *Cities* make.
This oily ſpeech of his did frame the heart,
Of moſt of all his *Souldiers*, to his part:
But moſt thoſe that by warres hop'd for increaſe,
And more than death did feare a *needy peace*.
But th' *Armies* now on both ſides draw ſo neere,
They each to other terrible appeare.
Neere to *Mehanaim* there is a *Wood*
Ignobled, for much loſſe of *Hebrewes* blood,
Where when as *Ammon* war proclaimed had,
Againſt th'Inhabitants of *Gilead*,
And nothing his ambition would ſuffice,
But all the Land that over *Jordan* lyes.

Lo,

Lo, valiant *Jeptha* commeth to their aid,
And all their foes in open field di.maid,
Which *Ephraim* bold (taking in foule deſpight,
That *Jeptha* without them ſhould go to fight)
Him challeng'd openly upon the plain,
Where all are put to flight, that were not ſlain,
And taking *Jordans paſſages* beneath,
Slew all, that could not utter *Shiboleth*:
In this *Wood*, *Joab* rather choſe to *train*,
And *ranke* his men, than on the *open plain*,
For ſeeing's foes did *two* to *one* abound,
He took th'advantage of a narrow ground.
But *Abſolon* moſt eager of the fight,
Preſuming on his *number*, *force*, and *might*,
Calls out, *My friends*, *brave courage* on our ſide,
The *Cowards* in the *Woods* themſelves do hide,
Should they our *numbers* ſee in *open field*,
Their *courages* and *hearts* would fail and yield:
You *fight* not now with *men*, but *chaſe* the *Hind*,
Which we in *buſhes*, *woods*, and *thickets* find.
This ſaid, the *Trumpets* ſound, they give the ſign,
The *Armies* meet, and both in *battail* joyn,
The *Rebels Hoſt* o're all the plain are ſpread,
The *Kings* was cloſe, compact, well ordered,
Both meet ſo cloſe, they leave no little ſpace,
Méns *bodies* againſt *bodies* fill the place,
Swords againſt *ſwords*, a *Speare* againſt a *Speare*,
Some *kill*, and ſome are *kill'd*, no ſparing there.
In ſuch cloſe ranks there is no choiſe at all,
They *victors* are that *ſtand*, they *dye* that *fall*.
The *ecchoing woods* rebound with ſhouts and cryes,
Of wounded men, and ſhriekes of ſuch as dyes.

Yet

Yet *clashing of mens Armes* yeeld such a sound,
That it doth all the other noise confound.
No man his help lends to his neerest friend,
To save his life, or haste his wished end,
In heat of Battails ay the gentlest brest
Is as remorsleſſe, as the cruellest.
But now the *Kings two wings* give back to *train*
Their foes, in compasse of the *Battail main*,
And other close *ambushments* in the *Wood*,
By *Joab* laid to make his *party* good.
Where *stakes*, *pits*, *thickets*, *trees*, *wild beasts* conspire,
To pay rebellious Traytors dueſt hire:
Lo here a company unwares do fall,
Into some *cover'd pit*, are *drowned* all;
Here one doth seek the *enemies sword* to shun,
And to the *pawes of cruell Beasts* doth run;
Here one puts on his *Courser* fresh and free,
And his own brains knocks out against a Tree:
One seeking to avoid the cruell push
Of sharper Pike, is hanged in a bush:
All had ill footing, but who ere did fall,
Was certain to be trodden down of all:
Here is a *quagmire*, where some sticking fast,
Their fellowes following tread them in for haſt;
One leanes against a Tree to take his breath,
And lo a *Serpent* stings him to the death:
Here is a Ditch, in which so many fall,
It now is fill'd, the rest passe over all.
Thus by the *Wood* more perish than the *Sword*,
Such help the *Heavens* to *Traytors* ay afford!
But whilst before his *Hoſt* the *Rebells* fall,
The *King* falls to his *Armes spirituall*:

(For

(For like to Children then we come to God,
When we lye underneath our Maſters *Rod.*)
" Oh God, *judge thou my cauſe*, ſaith he, do right
" Againſt my *foes*, with whom I now do fight,
" I never them offended to this houre,
" And yet they all my *ſoul* ſeek to devoure,
" Shall they eſcape thus with their wickedneſſe?
" Nay, thou, O Lord, ſhalt bring them to diſtreſſe:
" But now I pray 'gainſt *him*, whom moſt I love,
" Oh therefore had I *wings* ev'n like a *Dove*,
" Then would I flye away, and be at reſt,
Untill theſe *ſtormy winds* and *tempeſts* ceaſt.
When lo, the *watch-man* lifting up his eyes,
One running to the *City-ward* eſpies,
Which he as ſuddenly tells to the King,
Oh ſure, ſaith *David*, he doth tidings bring,
Ah, ſaith the *watchman*, I a ſecond ſee
Come running, but know not who it ſhould be.
But lo, the firſt, oh King, doth ſeem to run
Like to *Abimaaz*, old *Zadocks* ſon.
Ah! ſaith the King, he ay good newes doth bring,
Who lo, then comes and ſaith: All's well, O King,
God bleſſed be, who now hath ſet thee free,
And giv'n unto thy hands, thine enemy.
But oh! ſaith *David*, is the *young-man* well?
My Lord, ſaith he, *Joab* and *Iſrael*,
Prevailed in the *field* againſt thy *ſon*,
Before I came away, the *field* was won;
But when he me and *Cuſhai* to thee ſent,
I tumults ſaw, but knew not what they meant:
Then turn aſide, ſaith *David*, ſtand by here,
Till *Cuſhai* with his tidings doth appeare;

Then

Then *Cushai* comes, and *tidings* cryes, O King,
God on thy foes doth all their mischief bring,
He hath aveng'd thee on thine enemies,
And all that up against my Lord do rise.
But ah, saith *David*, how is't with my son?
So be't, saith *Cushai*, unto every one,
That up against my Lord the King doth rise,
As *Absolon*, be all thine enemies.
When as the *Rebels* first before us fled,
And *Joab* and thy *servants* followed,
The *young-man* post upon a *Mule* did ride,
Under an *Oake* whose armes dispreaded wide.
When lo, his haire, which he weares somewhat long,
Was so intangled in the *boughs* among,
The *Mule* not staying, but still putting forth,
There left him hanging 'twixt the heaven and earth;
Which when a *Souldier* saw, he *Joab* told:
Who thus repli'd, couldst thou him there behold,
And yet forbeare to smite him to the ground?
For which thou shouldst no small reward have found.
Ah, saith the man, though thou to me shouldst give
A thousand silver sheckles, as I live,
I would not for this great reward be won,
To lift my hand against my *Soveraigns son*:
I heard the *charge* the King gave in the gate,
To *us* and all his *Captaines* as he sate:
I sure against my life had done this thing,
Thou wouldst have first accus'd me to the *King*.
But *Joab* hasts to him, and with a *Dart*,
The *young-man* smites ev'n thorow to the *heart*:
And his *ten Squires* round compassing about,
Him smote quite through to put all out of doubt.

Then

Then *Joab* ſounds the *Trumpet* to repeal,
The people from purſuing *Iſrael.*
Cuſhai would have gone on, the King to tell,
How they did with the *young-mans* body deal,
Who caſt into a pit his *fleſh* and *bones*,
And laid on *him* a mighty heape of *ſtones*,
Which *heape*, ſaith *Joab*, ſhall for ay defame
A *ſons rebellion*, and this *traitors name*,
More than the *ſtately pillar* he did frame
In *Kings fair Dale* and call'd it by his name,
In this for ever his reproach ſhall ſleep,
And live, when's *Monument* becomes a *heape.*
But even as *Joab* with his cruell Dart,
Smote *Abſolon* into the very heart;
So *Cuſhai's* ſpeech ſo ſtrikes the King, he cry'd,
Oh *Abſolon my ſon, would I had di'd*
For thee my Abſolon, my ſon, my ſon.
Ah *David*, why mak'ſt thou ſuch grievous mone?
Thy words would move a *Tygers* heart and eares,
VVhat then to *ſee* thy *piteous face and teares*?
What ſhall thy *life*, at thouſands valued,
Be now exchanged for a *Traitors* head?
Wouldſt thou thy life, for ſuch a *ſon*, lay down,
That ſought his *Fathers death* to get his *Crown*?
Canſt thou not live without that *Abſolon*,
That could not live in peace, till thou art gone?
Never was known a *King* more *paſſionate*,
Nor any *Father* more *affectionate*:
Herein me thinks, oh *Singer* ſweet! thou art
A man *affected* after *Gods own heart*:
A heart of *melting wax*, not like a *ſtone*,
Thy *Hony, butter'd words*, and *heart* be one.

As thou wouldst for thy *traytrous* ſon have di'd,
So will he be for *Traytors* crucifi'd:
Thou ſeekſt to *ſave him* who would *thee betray*,
He doth for's *perſecuting murtherers* pray,
And cryes, whilſt they *ſcourge*, *ſcorn*, and *kill* him too,
Father forgive, they know not what they do.
Though we be *ſons*, *rebellious* and *ungrate*,
Our heavenly *Father* is *compaſſionate*:
And *Angels* ſends to beare in *their Arms*,
Whilſt we 'gainſt him breath *warres* and ſound *Alarms*:
Oh *love incomprehenſible, infinite!*
Angels amazement, holy Saints delight,
My *ſoul* is *raviſh'd* with thy *brighter beames*,
As *eyes* are *dazeled* with *Suns purer gleames*:
This *love* was never *livelier* ſet forth,
Than by this *Type*, thy *Deputy* on *Earth*.

THE SIXTH BOOKE.

David returning.

ALas! what *vertue*, *goodneſſe*, or *deſerts*,
Can to a *King* aſſure the *peoples hearts*?
When ſuch a *Prince*, ſo *gentle*, *gracious*, *kind*,
Doth *more revolters*, than *good ſubjects* find.
Thus ſome *few great men* waxing ſtrong in *factions*,
Begin the *people* in *rebellious actions*,
Till led on by *opinion* without *reaſon*,
They fall to flat *Rebellion* and *Treaſon*,
Whom God repayes in juſtice for ſuch deed,
Achitophels or *Abſolons* due meed,
But *God of hoſts*, to whom it is all one,
To *ſave* with *many*, or with *few* or none,
Takes part with *Juſtice*, and lets *Iſrael* feel,
What 'tis againſt Gods Kings to lift their heel,

Sure

Sure this *Rebellion* must be *generall*,
When *twenty thousand* in a battail fall,
Yet of this numberlesse rebellious power,
The *Wood* doth more than all the *swords* devoure:
And yet the King doth more lament and plain
For *Absolon*, than all his *subjects* slain;
Thus pious *Fathers* by their *indulgence*,
And *gentlenesse* to *children*, give offence,
Thus did old *Eli*, thus good *Samuel*,
Isaac loves *Esau* more than *Israel*,
And this bewails the death of *Absolon*,
As *Amnons* his incestuous wicked son;
Whereof when tidings came to *Joabs* eare,
(For all the people of the Town might heare,
The King cry *Absolon*, oh *Absolon*,
Would I had dy'd for thee, *my son*, *my son!*)
That day which should have bin for *mirth* and *gladnesse*
Was turned to a *night* of *dole* and *sadnesse*;
The *people* which should *triumph* in that day,
All blusht for shame, as they had *ran away*,
And as they had deserv'd lesse *praise* than *blame*,
Into the *City* at the *Posterns* came.
For lo, the King had covered his head,
And cry'd, *Ah Absolon! my son is dead.*
When *Joab* comming in unto the King,
Begins, Thou shame dost and confusion bring,
This day on all thy faithfull *servants faces*,
Which sav'd thy *life* and thee from all *disgraces*,
And have preserv'd thy *sons* and *daughters* lives,
The *Honors* of thy *Concubines* and *wives*.
For which thou makest them this faire amends,
Thou *lov'st thine enemies*, and *hat'st thy friends*.

This

This day thou plainly haſt thy ſelfe declar'd,
Thou neither *Prince* nor *ſervant* doſt regard:
Lo! had thy *ſon* liv'd, though all *Iſrael*,
And *we* had *dy'd*, it would have pleas'd thee well.
Ah but, ſaith *David*, thou mightſt well have take
The *youth alive*, and *ſav'd him* for *my ſake*;
Alas, O King! ſaith *Joab*, for whoſe ſake
Did all we *Armes* againſt the *Rebell* take?
For whoſe ſake ſhould thy ſervants with him fight?
But to defend our *Kings*, his *Fathers right*.
To all thy *ſervants* he was *courteous*,
To *ſuitors affable* and *gracious*,
And to all *Iſrael* plauſible and free,
The *Young-man* onely *cruell* was to *thee*.
Moſt *wretched Traytor*, vile unnaturall *ſon*,
Of *ſonnes* and *Traytors* none like *Abſolon*:
Baſe *graceleſſe Darling* of a *holy Sire*,
Whoſe blood he hunts for, ſeeking to aſpire
By all baſe meanes, unto thy *State* and *Crown*,
Who, if he could, would God from *Heav'n* pull down.
What other *Prince* of *Iſrael* hath done
Such *ſervices* as I for *Abſolon*?
I by the *Tekoite* got thy conſent,
To call him from his *three years baniſhment*,
Who was ſo glad as I thy grace to gain,
To bring him home from *Geſhurs Court* again?
I brought him to thy *preſence*, and in grace,
After two yeeres *confinement* to his place,
All this I did as to my *Lieges ſon*,
But now he is *unnaturall* become,
The *heavens*, to keep thy ſervants free from blame,
Bring him, even as *Achitophel*, to ſhame. His

His *Mule* reſignes *her load* unto the *Tree*
Of *Juſtice*, thus ſhould *Traytors* hanged be.
His *buſh of haire*, which never might be *ſhorn*,
Till it were grown *too heavie to be born*,
There bare his burthen: Lo thus God doth ſmite
Him in the *part*, he ſinning took delight;
Thus *Heaven*, the *Mule*, his *haire*, and *Oake* conſpire,
To give this *Rebell* his *deſerved hire*.
I onely lent the *Oake* a *Dart* or twain,
To put the *Traytor* ſooner out of pain;
Yet we muſt uſe him *gently* for *thy ſake*,
Such *gentleneſſe* will many *Traytors* make:
So long as *gentleneſſe in Governing*,
Is held to be a *vertue* in a *King*,
No *Treaſon* nor *Rebellion* ſhall be ſaid
To proſper by *their faults*, all will be laid
Upon the *Heavens*, or *mans malicious neſſe*,
That thus abuſe a *Princes gentleneſſe*:
A moſt *pernicious Peſt* ſ ſuch *lenity*,
In *Governors* of *State* or *family*.
Didſt thou thou not ſeem by mildneſſe to conſent,
Unto thy daughter *Thamars raviſhment*?
Of which ne're *Amnon* heard leaſt *good* or *ill*,
Till *Abſolon* it puniſht, 'gainſt thy will:
And now thy *gentleneſſe* and *indulgence*,
By yeelding to the vain *profuſe expenſe*,
And *coſtly bravery* of *Abſolon*,
More fitting for a *Monarch* than thy *ſon*,
Who could not up and down the City ride,
With leſſe than *fifty footmen* by his ſide,
Hath rais'd his high *ambition* to thy *Crown*,
And thus, lo, thou art vexed by thine own.

The

The *treasurer* of thy *Kingdom* must supply
Him meanes, for managing this *treachery*.
Sure had he liv'd this day to see thy face,
Thou hadst receiv'd him to thy *former grace*,
But we that have adventur'd *goods* and *lives*,
To save the *King*, his *daughters*, *sons*, and *wives*,
Secluded from thy face and presence be;
As if *wee* all were *Traytors*, and not *he*:
Now therefore, here I sweare before the Lord,
Except thou hearken to thy servants word,
And come and stand in some faire open place,
To shew thy servants comfort in thy face,
Of all the men, that thus for thee did fight,
There will not one remain with thee by night,
Which will be worser far, oh *King*, than all
The evils, that ever did thee befall.
Alas, saith *David*, I could not allow
In other men, the things which I do now,
But *Parents* love is strong and naturall,
And violently down the hill doth fall:
Flouds falling from precipite hills you may,
As well as *Parents loves* to *children* stay.
But if mine errors onely you relate,
You do not me advise, but exprobrate:
'Tis easie others faults to reprehend,
True wisdome others, and his own to mend.
But *Joab* seeing speeches-liberty,
Did only rub, not heal the *malady*,
Begins with modesty to blame the time,
And some of those offenders that were prime:
When *David* thus, what must we here abide,
Or shall we go on *Jordans* other side? What

What thinkſt thou, muſt we try another *field*?
Or will the *people* and the *Cities* yield?
No doubt, ſaith *Joab*, all the *Townes* will yield,
None of the *faction* can maintain the field;
Nor do I know a man, now he is gone,
They will accept to be their *minion*.
Now that the *ſtreame* is turn'd, behold the *tide*
Will *flow* as faſt unto the other ſide;
Mens *fancies* like an *optique glaſſe* make all
The eye is fixed on, ſeem faire, great and fall:
Where people *love*, they *ſhowes* for *truth* will take,
And where they *hate*, of *vertues vices* make,
What made them elſe ſo *vain fantaſticall*,
To follow *Traytors*, and from thee to fall?
For as we in *Proſpective glaſſes* ſee,
Things fartheſt off, far fairer than they be;
So people by their *fancy* do approve
Kings *vice* or *vertues*, as they *hate* or *love*.
Be but at firſt of theſe thy friends ſecur'd,
Who now much danger have for thee endur'd,
And thou, as of one man, ſhalt draw the hearts,
Ev'n of all *Paleſtina* to thy parts.
The *Tribes* which now beyond the floud remain,
Will ſtrive, which firſt ſhall bring thee back again:
Yea *Judah*, who was firſt to put thee down,
Will come *firſt* to *reſtore* thee to thy *Crown*.
Thus came the *King* into the *City* gate,
Which when the people heard, they that of late,
For griefe and ſorrow fled unto their Tent,
Do thither come, for joy incontinent,
Who them with *comfortable words* ſo pleaſeth,
He all their *former griefs and ſorrowes* eaſeth,

The

The King was ſcarſe deſcended from his *Throne*,
When *Rumors* over all the *Camp* are blown,
That all the *Tribes* do ſtrive about the King,
Which firſt of them him back again ſhould bring:
Oh, ſay the people, he is *juſt* and *wiſe*,
And *ſaved* us from all our *enemies*,
And from the *Philiſtines* delivered,
Yet now out of the Land from us is fled,
For *Abſolon*, late in the Battail ſlain,
Whom we *annoynted* over us to raign.
Ah, ſaith the King, then will it be a *ſhame*,
For *Judah* of my *kindred*, *tribe* and *name*,
If when as all the *Tribes* of *Iſrael* haſte,
To bring me home againe, they be the laſt.
And therefore ſends he to the *Prieſts*, that they
Should in this manner to the *Elders* ſay.
Why ſhould you be the *laſt* that ſeek to bring
Again unto his houſe with you the King?
Now ſeeing all the other *Tribes* conſpire
To that, the King of you doth moſt deſire,
You are my *brethren*, mine own fleſh and bone,
Then be not *laſt*, but rather come alone
To fetch me home to you, and I will grace
Your Captain *Amaſa* with *Joabs* place.
Is he not alſo of my fleſh and bone?
What though he fought againſt me for my *ſon*?
This was and is a *politick wiſe faſhion*,
To ſway the people by the *Prieſts Oration*;
For they have at *command* the peoples *eare*,
And what they *teach*, we all are bound to heare.
In *Jebus* City is a *ſpacious Court*,
Where *Elders* and the *people* ay reſort,

To

To heare the *Prop'xets* and the *Law* expounded,
And *Rules* of *good* and *holy life* propounded;
Where God, whom *heav'n of heav'ns* cannot contain,
Doth with his *Ark* in *Tents of skins* remain.
Here reverend *Zadock*, to the *Congregation*,
Out of his *Pulpit*, utters this Oration,
By which he wisely did the *hearts* command
Of *Elders* all, and *people* of the Land.
Men, *Brethren*, *Fathers*, whom I see this day
Assembled here, in great concourse, to pray,
For th'health and safety of our holy King,
Whom God in peace and honour to us bring.
I will not exprobrate your least *omission*
Of any *duty*, in his last *dismission*:
I onely of his *merits* make narration,
And leave all to your *loyall application*.
Will you be pleas'd to heare me first begin,
Where first he *your* and *Israels hearts* did win,
Th'uncircumcised *Giant* he did quell,
Defying all the *host* of *Israel*.
(To count his *strength* and *vallour* I forbeare,
In killing of the *Lion* and the *Beare*)
For this was his first *signall act of fame*,
Whereby he *honour* wan to *Ishai's* name,
By which he was made known to *Saul*, and wan
Such *grace* and *favour*, with *sweet Jonathan*,
Who as his *soul* most dearly *David* lov'd,
From which he would by no meanes be remov'd.
And though *Saul* would perswade his *son* to *hate*
Him, as the assured *ruine* of his *State*;
Against his violence he firmly stood,
And never ceast to do *King David* good.

After

After *Goliah* slain, he for his hire,
Became to be *Sauls* servant and Esquire;
And on his *Harp* so cunningly did play,
He often drave *Sauls evill spirit* away.
From whence he was advanc'd, to have command
Amongst the *men of warre*, when with his hand,
The *jealous Tyrant* sought to strike him dead,
As on his *Harp* he *plaid* and *solaced*.
To *hide his hate*, yet to *betray his life*,
Saul proffers him *his daughter* unto *wife*,
So with *twice fifty fore skins* he endow her,
In hope *his foes* and *him* thus to devower:
But this *hope* failing, *Davids victories*,
Began in *Saul* such *feares* and *jelousies*,
That divers wayes his death he practised,
But *God* by *Michol* him delivered.
Whence he to *Samuel* in *Ramoth* fled,
Saul thither him pursuing, propheſi'd.
Then sav'd he *Keilah* by the *Philistine*
Besieg'd, and took great store of *Sheep* and *Kine*:
Thence flies he to *Abimelech* the *Priest*,
Who paid too deare for such a *Royall Guest*;
For spitefull *Doeg* did to *Saul* complain,
And neere a hundred *Priests* by him were slain.
From thence to *Achish Prince of Gath*, where he,
Pretendeth *madnesse* and *simplicity*:
From thence he hunted to *Adullams Cave*,
Like to a *Partridge* flies, his life to save,
To *Ziph*, *Engaddy*, *Maons Deserts*, where
He cut off *Sauls coat-lap* but's *life* did spare;
And after took his *Sreare* from's *sleeping head*;
Then he the *second time* to *Achish* fled,

Of

Of whom he was moſt kindly entertain'd.
For hate of *Saul*, and *Ziglags* Town obtain'd.
Whence he to warre on *Judahs* Coaſts pretended,
But ſo 'gainſt *Amalek* his forces bended,
And other foes of ours, that to complain,
He never let one man alive remain.
By which he, faln now into th'indignation,
As *Achiſh* thought, of his own *King* and *Nation*,
Was brought to field 'gainſt *Saul* his King to fight,
But theſe *Philiſtine* Lords that knew his might,
And fearing he to th'other ſide ſhould turn,
Made him again to *Ziglag* back return.
Which burnt he found, their *women* captive led,
With all their *children* that him followed;
For which all were ſo grieved and offended,
His Souldiers there to ſtone him had intended.
Amid all troubles God did him ſuſtain,
And helpt to win his *own*, and more again:
For he ſo cloſe purſu'd th' *Amalekite*,
And them unwares ſo furiouſly did ſmite,
He all the *Hoſt* left dead upon the plain,
And loſſes all recovered again:
Inriching them with *ſpoiles* that with him went,
And many *preſents* to our *Elders* ſent,
In all his *troubles*, which of you can ſay,
He did me *wrong*, or made of mine a prey?
Was he not rather unto you, for all
Your Goods, againſt your enemies a wall?
Aske fooliſh *Nabals* ſervants, they will ſay,
He was a *wall* to us by *night and day*,
No *ſheep* were *loſt*, no *Lambs* of ours were *ſlain*,
Whilſt *David* neer to *Carmel* did rema'n.

And

And though the *churle* did evill him requite,
Yet God, who is the *Judge* of *wrong* and *right*,
Reveng'd his *churliſhneſſe* with loſſe of life,
Rewarding *Davids goodneſſe* with his *wife*.
By this *Saul* and his *ſons* were overthrown
At *Gilboa*, which ſoon as it was known
To *David*, how did he compaſſionate
Their *deaths*, and thoſe *afflictions* of the *State*,
Which were ſo great, they over *Jordan* fled,
And many of their Townes abandoned.
So as by this ſo great an overthrow,
Were *Iſrael* and *Judah* brought ſo low,
They to the *ſon of Iſhai* preſents bring,
And him acknowledge their annointed *King*.
For what was cloſely done by *Samuel*,
Was known to all the Tribes of *Iſrael*.
Had he not been a valiant man of warre,
The *Philiſtins* prevailed had ſo farre,
We ſurely had long ſince their ſervants been,
And not theſe dayes of liberty have ſeen.
Abner long at *Mehanaim* maintain'd
The *ſon* of *Saul*, whilſt he at *Hebron* raign'd,
Till *Traytors* did his *head* to *David* bring,
Then all the *Tribes* acknowledge him their King.
Oh with what wondrous joy and acclamation,
Was he accepted then of all this Nation!
He went before us in and out, in all
The warres, in times of *Samuel* and *Saul*:
He *ſaved* us from all our *enemies*,
And *honour'd* us with glorious *victories*.
Oh! then he was of our own fleſh and bone,
And fit to govern all the Tribes alone.

Sure

Sure his *deserts* were *infinite* before,
But hath he not to *these* still added more?
Witnesse this place, where now *Gods Arke* is pight
In th'*heart* of *Judah*, which the *Jebusite*
'Gainst *Josuah*, *Judges*, *Samuel*, *Saul*, maintain'd,
By *Davids* might and prowesse now obtain'd,
This *holy place*, where now you meet to pray,
And offer *sacrifices* night and day,
For *Sions Mount*, your *Kings brave habitation*,
Worlds wonder, and the *Glory of this Nation*,
Whilome *of theeves*, and *murtherers a den*,
Whence they did *steal your goods* and *spoil your men*,
And sacrifice to *Rimmon*, *morn* and *even*,
And *worship'd* daily all the *host of Heaven*,
Yea often to appease th'*infernall Ire*,
Did drive your *sons* and *daughters through the fire*,
This *fort*, defended by the *blind and lame*,
He builded, and *Hierusalem* did name.
Did not all *Palestine* their forces bring,
'Gainst *David* soon as he was crowned King?
Whom all to weak his valour to withstand,
God twice delivered into *Davids* hand:
Yea ev'n the *God of Hosts*, to shew his right,
Led him forth from the *Mulberry trees* to fight:
Soon as his *enemies* subdued are,
He wholly on *Religion* sets his care,
Gods Ark into your *City* home to bring,
That *God* might *dwell with you*, as did the *King*.
Why should I here sad *Uzzahs breach* recite?
Whom God, for his *presumption*, dead did smite.
For staying but the *Arke* up with his hand,
Medling with sacred thing, 'gainst Gods command.

For

For which it was to *Obed Edom* led,
Where whilst it staid, all things well prospered.
But ah, how did our Prophet *dance* and *sing*,
More like a holy *Levite* than a *King*,
When th' *Ark* was brought up hither to be rear'd,
And set up in the place for it prepar'd,
Who though *he* then was scorn'd in *Michols* sight,
God never did in *him* take more *delight*.
What hath he not for this your *City* done?
Besides his many *Royall workes* begun,
And finished, whereby he chang'd this *hold*
Of *earth* and *stone*, to *streets* of *brasse* and *gold*.
'Twas in his mind a *Temple* here to *raise*,
To *Gods eternall Worship laud and praise*.
Till God by *Nathan* otherwise declared;
Yet he for it *materialls* hath prepared,
The which his *son* that *Prince of peace* shall raise,
And blesse with *peace* and *honour* all his dayes.
For all such as have had their *hands in blood*,
As *David*, though their warres are *just* and *good*,
From medling with *Gods Altar* ought abstain,
The *stones* whereof should all in *peace* be lain.
For what are all our *Rites* and *offerings*,
Arke, *Incense*, and all *other holy things*,
But *figures* of *eternall peace* and *rest*:
No *bloudied hands* may *minister* this *feast*.
(*Irregularity* for *second wives*
Is vain, as you shall see by *both their lives*.)
And therefore *David* leavs it to his *son*,
He after all his *former battails* won,
Hath taken *Gath*, the *key of all your Land*,
The *Bridle* thus wringing out of the hand

Of

Of *Philiſtins*, who now are brought ſo low,
They all their knees to *Judahs Monarch* bow.
Ittai one of their Lords of greateſt might,
Serv'd under *David* in this *civill fight*:
Moab you know with lines was *meaſured*,
Two lines to ſave alive, another dead.
And *Hadadezar*, *Syrians* King of Kings,
With all his *Vice-Roys*, preſents to us brings:
Now *Aram* and *Damaſcus* ours remain,
Twenty two thouſand of them being ſlain.
He hither all the Shields of gold did bring,
Which he had taken from the *Syrian* King.
We quite through *Edom* all our Armies led,
And of them eighteen thouſand ſlaughtered.
So as in all theſe Cities and wall'd Townes,
The King hath put ſtrong men in Garriſons:
Yea ev'n *Damaſcus*, though as *Queen* ſhe reigns,
Above the reſt, a Garriſon maintains.
What *Preſents* did the *ſon* of *Tohu* bring,
Of *Gold* and *Silver Veſſels* to the King?
Which all together, with a mighty maſſe
Of *Gold* and *Silver Veſſells*, and of *braſſe*;
The ſpoiles of all theſe *Nations* related,
Are to our *Temples ſtructure* dedicated.
And as he did *abroad* a *victor* raign,
At *home* he *right* and *judgement* did maintain.
Iſrael was never better kept in order,
Seraiah Scribe, and *Joſaphat Recorder*,
The Kings own *ſons*, your chiefeſt *Rulers* are,
The chiefeſt *Prieſts*, I and *Abiathar*.
God and the King unto this place did chuſe us,
Which of you for *wrong dealing* can accuſe us?

But

But seeing you are not of *Judah* all,
But some of *Benjamin* and *house of Saul*,
Which *Tribes* are so neer *neighbors*, and allide,
We hardly one from th'other can divide,
Give me but leave to render an account,
How he in *benefits* doth you surmount.
When *Saul* and's *sons* on *Gilboas Mount* were slain,
How did he for their deaths lament and plain?
Especially for *Jonathan* his brother,
Was ever any *friend* more *kind* to other?
How were the men of *Jabesh* honoured,
Who *Saul* and his *sons bones* had buried?
Did ever any of *Sauls* kindred dye
By *David*, for *revenge* or *jealousie*?
How did he *Abners* losse lament and plain?
The Traytors that slew *Ishbosheth* were slain.
And *lame Mephibosheth*, who here now stands,
Hath he not given thee all thy *Fathers Lands*?
Wert thou not, like a Prince, serv'd with his meat,
Drank of his *cup*, and at his *Table eate*?
Though *Ziba* did thee *trecherously* disgrace,
The *King* will sure restore thee to thy place.
Could ever any *Prince* do more to win,
His *Subjects hearts*? yet should I now begin,
His merits all not mention'd to recite,
I could not reckon up them all by night:
But these are all but *favours temporall*:
Ah! what are his *sweet Hymnes spirituall*,
Whose every *letter*, *tittle*, *point*, and *line*,
Have each their *sense*, *sweet*, *mysticall*, *divine*,
Ev'n as our *souls desire*, like to the *past*
Of *heavenly Manna* to the *spirituall taste*;

By

By which the *ſoules* with *fat* and *marrow* fed,
As *bodies* were by *Manna* cheriſhed,
They over all your *Tents* like *Quailes* diſpread,
That *weakeſt ſtomacks* might be comforted.
But ah! no tongue but his can rightly ſing,
The *heavenly praiſes* of this *holy King*,
Shew me *his like* in all *Antiquity*,
For *valour*, *wiſdome*, *juſtice*, *piety*,
Yet won by *ſhews* and *groſſe diſſembling*,
You, for a *Traytor*, have diſmiſs'd *this King*.
What *Nation* is ſo *barbarous* and *rude*,
But will condemne ſuch baſe *ingratitude*?
If in theſe *errours* you ſhall ſtill remain,
And do not haſte to bring him back again.
Thus doth this *grave high Prieſt* to them divine,
Like *winged*, *heavenly*, *holy Seraphine*,
And bows the hearts (this *elocution* can)
Of all the *men* of *Judah* as *one man*,
When ſuddenly aroſe a murmuring,
And all cry out aloud, *the King*, *the King*.
All inly mov'd, each looks upon his *brother*,
And ready are to follow one another:
When one breakes forth, and him they follow all,
And leave good *Zadock* preaching to the wall.
So have I ſeen a goodly *heard of Steeres*,
Deep ſtung in *Autumns heat* by *flyes* and *breers*,
With *tailes erect*, *all* follow after *one*,
None knowing whither, nor for what they run;
Scarſe from *Mahanaim* paſſed was the King,
When *Legates* this *Ambaſſage* to him bring;
The *men of Judah* comming are amain,
Their King home to his houſe to bring again:

Lo,

Lo, they are all, ſay they, upon the way,
And therefore he makes haſte, that very day,
To Gilgall, where they all in order ſtood,
All preſt to ford him over *Jordans* flood.
Shimei, that curſt the King, going out mourning,
A thouſand helps now brings to his returning;
And *Ziba* ſervant of *Sauls* family,
With twenty ſervants him accompany.
All theſe with readineſſe attend the King,
And all things needfull to his paſſage bring,
When *Shimei* thus, let not my Lord begin,
Now to impute or call to mind the ſin,
I did commit againſt my *Lord* the *King*,
When thou wentſt forth, I now abhorre the thing;
Thy ſervant doth acknowledge his offence,
And to redeem his former inſolence,
Doth hitherfirſt of *Joſephs houſe* deſcend.
Thee homeward to thy *City* to attend.
Faine *Abiſhai* would have his neck disjoynted,
Becauſe that he had curſed *Gods annoynted*,
But *David*, much offended, doth reply;
Shall any man this day in *Iſrael* dye?
This day I *Iſraels King* am made again,
And therefore ſweare, no *Shimei* ſhall be ſlain.
And now *Mephiboſheth* the King doth meet,
That never *cut his beard*, nor *waſht his feet*,
Nor chang'd his *rayment*, from the day the *King*
Went out, till they him *home* in *peace* did bring.
To whom the King, *Mephiboſheth*, ah! why
In exile had I not thy company?
Who thus replyes: *Ziba*, oh King, deceav'd
Thy ſervant, and me of mine *Aſſe* bereav'd.

For

For ſoon as he did underſtand, that I
Reſolved was thee to accompany,
And therefore him commanded to provide
Mine *Aſſe* in readineſſe, whereon to ride:
He led the *Beaſt* away that ſhould me beare,
And me accus'd of *treaſon* in thine eare.
But thou, my Lord, well knowſt thy *ſervant's* lame,
And never merited ſo foule a *blame*.
Lo, as *Gods Angell* thou art *juſt* and *wiſe*,
Do therefore what good ſeemeth in thine eyes:
For I and all my *Fathers family*,
Were but as dead, when thy *benignity*,
Thy *ſervant* did at thine own *Table* place.
I ask no more, but ſtill to *ſee thy face*.
No more, ſaith *David*, I all underſtand,
With *Ziba*, as before, divide the land:
Let *him*, his *ſons*, and *ſervants*, *till* the ground,
The *profits* to *Mephiboſheth* redound.
Let him, ſaith he, both *land* take and *increaſe*,
Now I do ſee my *Lord return'd in peace*.
Barzillai had the King accompani'd,
From *Rogelim* to *Jordans* other ſide,
And ſent the King proviſion every day,
Whilſt with his *Hoſt* he at *Mahanaim* lay:
For he was wondrous *rich*, and very *old*,
But *comely* and moſt *gracious* to behold.
Faine would the *King* this *good old man* have led
To his *own houſe*, and at his *Table* fed.
But he replyes, Alas! how long have I,
My Lord, to live? *let me go home and dye*.
Thy *ſervant* now full *foure ſcore years* hath paſt,
And in his *meat* and *drink* diſcernes no taſte;

I can-

I cannot heare the *voyce* of thee
Why ſhould I be a *burthen to thy ſon*,
Now thou art over *Jordan*, God thee guard,
Why ſhouldſt thou me requite with ſuch reward?
Let me return to mine own *quiet bed*,
And in my *parents grave* be *buried*.
My *ſon* thy *ſervant Chimham*, he ſhall go
With thee, to whom, even what thou pleaſe, do.
Well, ſaid the King, I do accept thy *ſon*,
What thou deſireſt for him ſhall be done,
And for thy ſelf, what ever thou require,
I ſhall be glad to anſwer thy deſire.
Thus did the King with many thanks diſmiſſe
The good *old man*, and parted with a kiſſe.
Barzillai home returns, to take his *eaſe*,
The *King* comes to *Hieruſalem* in *peace*.

FINIS.

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David returnin

he did und

Errata.

Fol. 3. l. 9. *read* Jesraelite. *fol.* 18. l. 5. *b. read*
l. 12. *b. read* mad. *fol.* 52. l. 10. *b. read* fair a